
HELP STAMP OUT
MAD
No. 78 April '63
IND
OUR PRICE 25c CHEAP
Norman Mingo

NIPPO...THE LIGHTER THAT'S GIVING ZIPPO THE WORKS



WON SLI NIPPO, JAPANESE INDUSTRIALIST, HOLDS UP 59¢ IMITATION OF $3.50 AMERICAN LIGHTER, AND BEGS YOU TO TELL DIFFERENCE.

The original Zippo of this Nippo copy landed in Tokyo in 1951. Millions of imitations like this are in the works today.

If the Zippo Co. ever fails, it was Nippo that fixed it!



Lonson 79c | Ergin-Amelican 65c | A S L 89c | Dunhirr 75c | Sclipto 49c | Erans 39c

The Japanese lighters pictured above are all economically-priced imitations of the expensive originals. Choose any one and save money!

NUMBER 78 APRIL 1963

MAD

"If Communism is such a big success, why don't they put up a 'picture window' instead of an 'iron curtain'?"—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman **PUBLICITY:** Richard Bernstein
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Nelson Tirado
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES



A musical about those two gangs at the U. N. is not so far-fetched, considering the "song-and-dance" the Reds keep giving us!



Parents often guess wrong about kids' careers. For example, parents of **MAD** staffers hoped their kids would make honest livings.



After testing two groups of magazine readers for 6 months, we found that those using **MAD** scored 28% less on I. Q. tests.



We've found that fans of David Berg are loyal and enthusiastic. This look at "Dating" is for them — "Strictly for the Berg's".



A "way-out" article about a "way-out" electronics gimmick that we might've been better off leaving "way-out" of this issue.



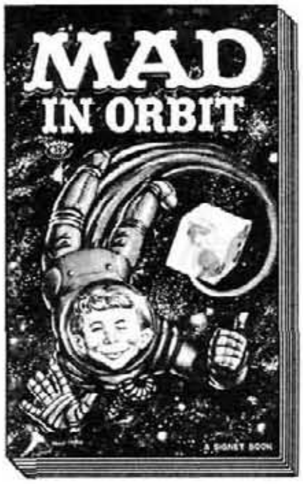
Since chess is a game of war, an up-dated version based on modern warfare would have one advantage: it would be over quickly.



Authorities contend that it takes a lot to finish a college education. If you use this primer, you may never even start one.



If "Mardy" were to be remade in Hollywood today, it would be a spectacular production, and end up as a typical "butcher-job"!





LETTERS DEPT.



PAPERBACK-TALK

I am a typical "MAD Reader". In this latest issue, "MAD Strikes Back" at me. Mainly because I looked "Inside MAD" and became "Utterly MAD" when I couldn't find "Spy vs. Spy"! Now, our whole family is mad. The father's mad, the sister's mad, "The Brothers MAD"! If you expect any of us to continue being a daughter of MAD or a "Son of MAD", you better not get "The Organization MAD"! We want to "Like MAD", but by leaving out Mr. Prohias's "Spy vs. Spy", you have made us so "Fighting MAD" we'd like to put "MAD in Orbit"!

Mark Tarka
No Address Given

PHOTOGRAPHING THE D. T.'S?

I enjoyed the ad satire on the back cover of the January issue (#76), but a question occured to my foggy brain, to wit: How did Lester Krauss manage to *photograph* that talking bottle, tomato, orange, lemon and, mainly, that pink elephant?

Alvin Cooper
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Lester Krauss's camera is an alcoholic!—Ed.

MAJOR TEENAGE SPORT

I enjoyed your article on "Modern Teenage Sports" very much. However, I feel that a major time-wasting teenage sport was omitted from the article. Mainly, "MAD-reading"!

Tom Reid
Alton, Illinois

HE DIGS SNOW

"The Lighter Side of Winter" was really "cool"!

Jim Driskell
Davenport, Iowa

LONG-TIME READER?

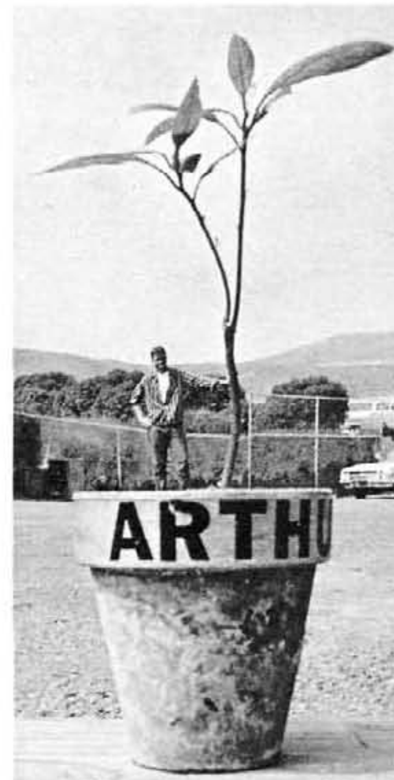
I have been reading MAD for several years now. Mainly, the first issue I ever bought. I just couldn't see wasting a quarter on another.

Bat Quinlan
Liberty, N. Y.

ARTHUR

I tried growing an "Arthur" plant in our laboratory at Marineland, but was not having much luck. Then I decided to try feeding it with some of our whale food. What results! Everything is great, but the pot cost us $700.

Jerry Goldsmith, Aquarist
Marineland of the Pacific
Palos Verdes, California



A Fishy Arthur?

So enough of these "Arthur" gags! I'm getting Arthuritis!!

Chris Wilson
Sunnyvale, California



JUDGMENT AT NEW ROCHELLE



I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation to MAD Magazine and your very capable David Berg for the fine job he did acting as a "Judge" during the recent "Miss New Rochelle Pageant". As you can see by the enclosed photo, a good time was had by all.

Allen Danziger, Chairman
Miss New Rochelle Pageant
New Rochelle, N. Y.

CUBAN LOVE SONG

I am a 17 year old Cuban refugee. We did not have MAD in Cuba. Maybe that's why we got Castro now. My parents hate the kind of records I buy. And the same goes for the clothes I wear. BUT — they love your magazine. I never have to buy it because my mother does! How about that?

Tony Méndez
North Hollywood, Cal.

UNEMPLOYMENT ASSURANCE

After being unemployed for two months, I was exhausted and depressed in failing to find work. A good friend of mine suggested that I should look at the brighter side of life, and read MAD. I have now been out of work for ten months, but thanks to my friend and MAD, I am the happy-go-luckiest guy on the unemployment line.

S. D. G.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

MAD RECORD ALBUMS

Your latest record album, "MAD Twists Rock 'n' Roll" is a real masterpiece. I have never heard such a combination of great vocalists and clever lyrics. It looks like you've done it again!

Cheryl Noll
Wildwood, N. J.

Yes, we have done it again! Mainly, we've come out with another album! For all the facts, see the inside back cover!—Ed.

THE VICE OF AMERICA

I just returned to the States after six weeks of touring Europe. Even though home was an ocean away, I was very close because I saw America's favorite magazine at practically every newsstand. MAD is among the best-selling American magazines in Europe!

Kenneth Schiff
North Merrick, N. Y.

MAD EDUCATION—CHEAP

During the time that I spent about $5000 going to college, I spent about $8 on MAD. And now, I'm not sure from which I learned more!

John Dorgan
Lansing, Michigan

MAD OPINION

I would like your opinion on what type of intelligence or maturity most of your readers have. Do you think a bunch of clods read your magazine? Or do you think average people read it?

Bill Garcia
Fremont, California

We think a bunch of average clods reads the magazine!—Ed.

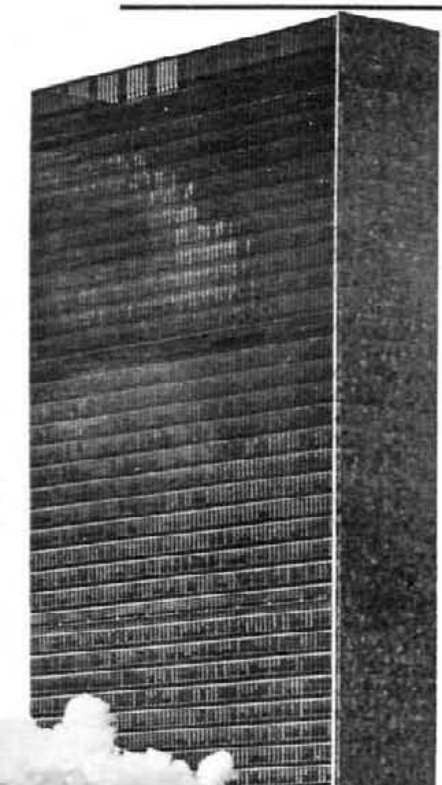
REAL OR PHONY LETTERS?

I get a big charge out of your "Letters Department". Do people really send in those letters, or are they phonies?

Jerry Stimmel
Kettering, Ohio

Every once in a while, we feel obliged to answer one of the thousands of queries that come in like this one. Yes, all the letters in this column are real. We got enough trouble writing the rest of the magazine! —Ed.

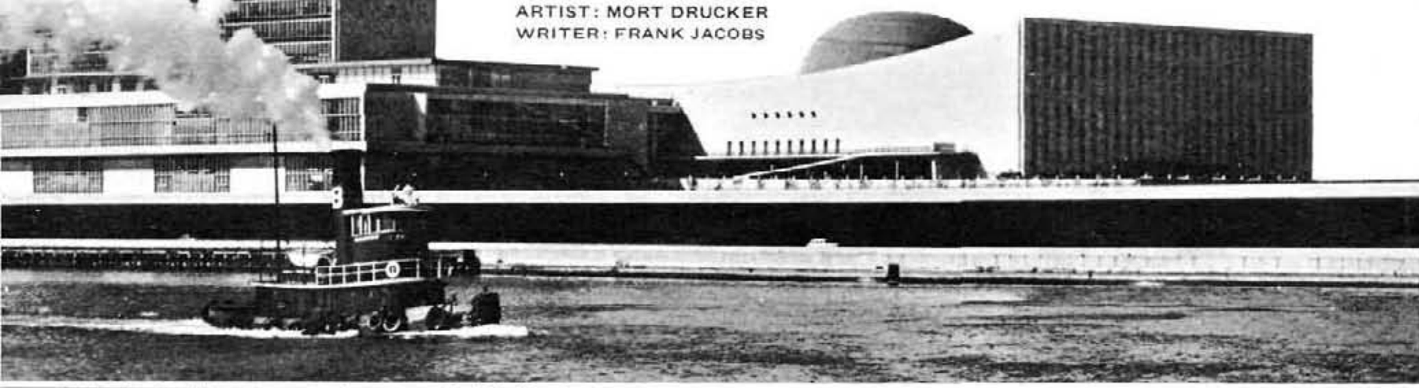
Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 78, 850 Third Avenue New York 22, New York



Practically everybody has seen "West Side Story"—which is about a couple of tough gangs on New York's West Side. Well, we think the producers of this show really missed the boat. Like, they went to the wrong side. If they thought the gangs on the West Side were tough, they should have taken a look at those two rival gangs on the East Side—mainly those two rival gangs at the U.N.! Because if they had, they might have come up with a musical called:

EAST SIDE STORY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS






Look, Nikita! When's this world rumble gonna get clickin'? When are we gonna mix with the West?
Cool it! We're waiting for Tito!
Tito? He's anybody's! He won't pick one side or another!
Who's anybody's? I'm as much a Red as any of ya!
No, you're not, Tito! When you're a Red, you gotta act like one!
When you're a Red, You're a Red all the way From your first Party purge To your last power play!
When you're a Red, You've got agents galore; You give prizes for peace While they stir up a war!
You set off a test, And when you're halfway through it— You point at the West And say they drove you to it! That's how you do it!
When you're a Red And some land you invade Always say your attack's Just a new kind of aid!
Then they'll be Red Or else They're dead!
When you're a Red And some land you oppress, Always say you're protecting it From the U.S.!
You claim you're a friend Of every brand-new nation! The spies that you send Inflame the population! That's infiltration!
We are the Reds . . . With a punch in the face . . . Which we're aiming today . . . At the whole human race . . . At the whole—! Ever—! Trusting—! Human—! Race!



Ah, you're just looking for trouble, Nikita! Anyway, I don't need you! I've got other friends—like Nehru and Nasser! We get kicks walking fences!
Heck! We don't need Tito, Nikita! We can mess up the world just as well without him! Hey, look who's coming! It's the Dutch delegate!
Yeah, and he belongs to the West! He's all alone! Let's get him!
Well, if it isn't the great big important Dutch delegate!
He don't look very big and important, does he, fellas?
How d'ya feel now that you've lost all your colonies?
Ya lousy two-bit, crummy, decadent third-rate power!
Who's gonna help ya now?
We're gonna help him, that's who!
Put him down, Nikita!
You don't own this turf!
Why don't you come off it, Nikita?
I'll tell you why:
I feel vicious, Oh, so vicious, I feel vicious, malicious and low! How delicious Just to know that I am hated so!
I feel spiteful, Oh, so spiteful, I feel spiteful and frightfully sly! How delightful When I think of how despised am I!
See the little world that we're living in: How shall I destroy it today-ay? I will thump my shoe! I will make a face! I will start a war! I will get my way!
I am scheming, Oh, I'm screaming, I am scheming and screaming with glee! I won't stop Till the whole world is Red just like me!
You're asking for it, Nikita! We'll see you later!
Where are you going? You haven't agreed on a rumble! You haven't set a time and a place! But what's worst, you haven't heard the second chorus of this song, which is my big solo number!
We'll have to kick it for now, Nikita, but we'll be back after we've talked with Jack!



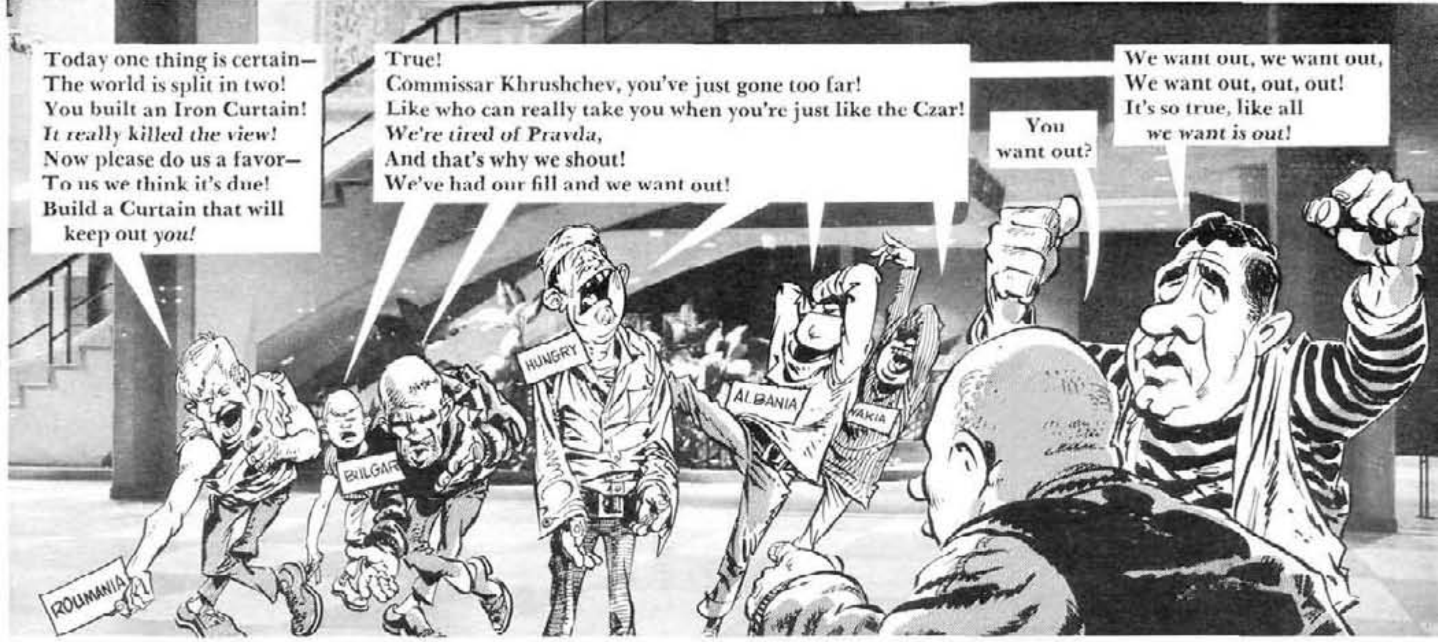
Hi, guys! What's up with the Reds?
We'll tell you! Take the bass part, Mac! Chuck, you can sing baritone, and I'll carry the *melody*!
Nikita! We've just seen a Red named Nikita! He said we ought to know The world would soon be So-Vi-et!
Nikita! We've tried to talk sense with Nikita! But things are pretty grim, And all we get from him Is "Nyet!"
Nikita! Treat him rough and for war he's screaming! Treat him soft and he's plotting and scheming! Nikita! We're getting nowhere with Nikita!
CANADA
No encore, fellas! You're a half-tone off, and I get the picture anyway! If Nikita wants a rumble, we'll give him one! Hey! What's going on in the garden? Somebody's crying and screaming out there!
Probably the Red Chinese trying to get into the UN. Once a year Mao tse-Tung comes here and sings the same old tune!
Make a place for us, A little space for us! Let us in and such joy you'll get— Like we gave Tibet!
Please be sweet to us And give a seat to us! We'll be quiet and meek and calm— Like our troops are . . . in North Vietnam!
That's right! You bet! We will observe law and order— Like when we crossed India's border!
Make a spot for us, A teeny slot for us! We'll be friendly with all, by heck— Like we're friendly with Chiang Kai-shek That's right! Oh, yes! You, bet!
Funny thing! You listen to Mao, and an hour later it's like you never heard him at all . . . !
Well, I'll see you later! Mack, Chuck and I have to fix the terms for the rumble!
Go cool! It looks like Nikita is up to something big! I have to make a phone call which may save us a lot of trouble

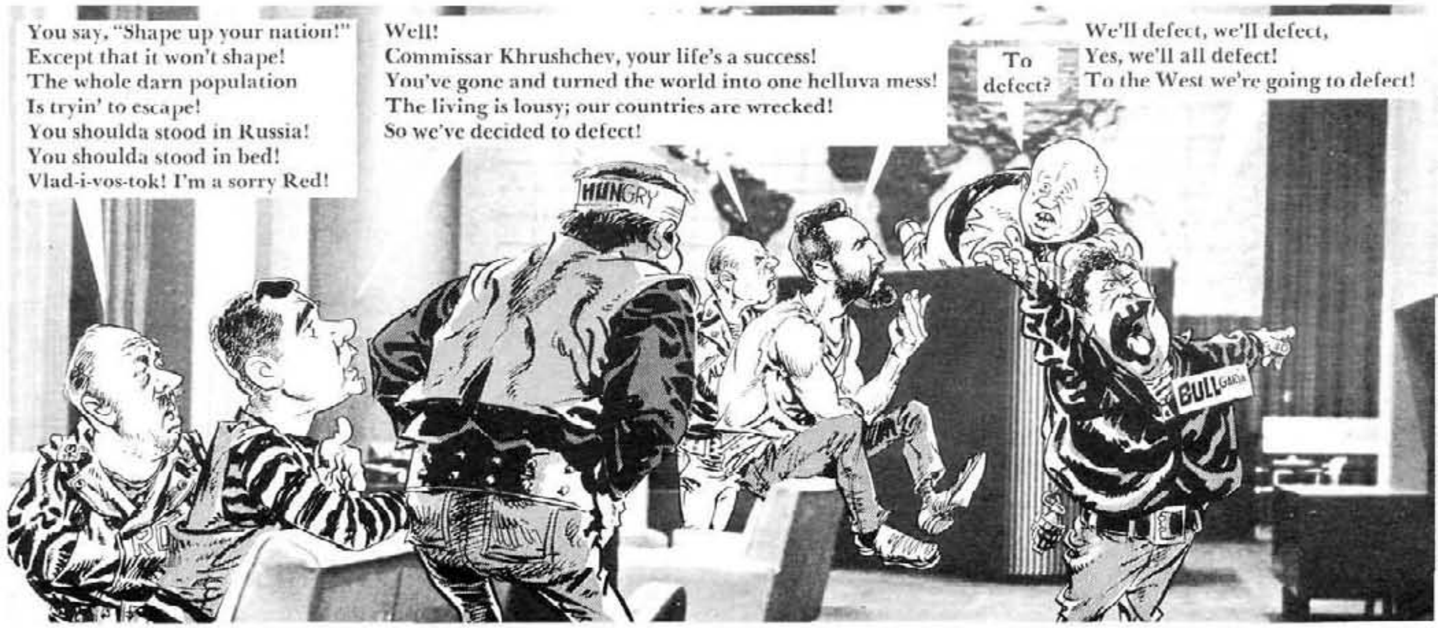

Then it's all set! We rumble!
When?
Tonight!
Where?
At the General Assembly!
We accept! You started this trouble anyway!
We did not! Who built up NATO?
Who enslaved half of Europe?
Who built bases in Turkey?
Who built the Berlin Wall?
Who wouldn't let me see Disneyland?
Who jams the Voice of America?
Who set up the Baghdad Pact?
Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
That was no lady, that was my . . . NOW CUT THAT OUT!
Any more quips, Adlai, and I'll filibuster tonight for six hours!
Cut the big talk! Just be there!
The Reds will be there! Tonight!
So will the West! Tonight!
Tonight, tonight! We'll smash the West tonight! Tonight we'll have the world by the throat!
Tonight, tonight! They'll have to yield tonight When our plan is brought up for a vote!
Tonight There'll be a U.N. Rumble, And we will see them crumble! Oh, what a pretty sight!
Tonight, our might Will scare them so they're frightened To fight! To-night!
Tonight, tonight! The showdown is tonight! Tonight we'll have to take a firm stand!
Tonight, tonight! We've got to win tonight! But we don't know what Khrushchev has planned!
He might Just quote some line from Lenin Or unleash Krishna Menon, Or bomb a missile site!
Despite our plight, We'll have to show we're strong and unite To-night!


This is it, Jack! What do you think?
I think it's a darn good thing I made a certain phone call! Nikita looks rough tonight!
Us Reds don't go for any of this fancy diplomatic stuff—we get right to the point! Tonight I got two things to say to this Assembly! First of all, I hereby demand that the entire U.N. be taken away from New York and moved to Moscow!
Secondly, I oughta tell ya that if ya don't agree to this then we're gonna mess up the world like it's never been messed up! And I ain't kiddin'!
Move the U.N. to Moscow? Nobody'll buy that!
I know I won't! And I'm going to tell him why!
I like to be in America! I like TV in America! Watch "Laramie" in America! No BBC in America!
You'll like the weather in Mos-cow!
If you like driving a snow plow!
People will greet you with great glee!
So will the agent who trails me!
One thing is clear in America! Lots of good cheer in America! Friends always near in America! Mafia here in America!
People are chummy in Mos-cow!
We'll try to stop laughing somehow!
You'll find we Reds can be good friends!
If we're around when the purge ends!
ITALY
I wash with Zest in America! Brush teeth with Crest in America! Smoking is best in America! Filter's recessed in America!
Eating's a pleasure in Mos-cow!
We wish you'd stop talking, right now!
Waiters will serve you with great care!
Microphones hidden in each chair!
I feel no pain in America! Want to remain in America! No can complain in America! Chun King Chow Mein In America!
We're building hotels in Mos-cow!
All that you lack is the know-how!
We build our bathrooms with great pride!
If you don't mind going outside!



Life is a whiz in America! Eddie met Liz in America! Thought she was his in America! Well, that's Show-Biz in America!
You'll like the shopping in Mos-cow!
Tell us about it, but not now!
Wonderful clothing is found there!
If you like shirts made of wolf-hair!
Good things I've got in America! I like my lot in America! Khrushchev is not in America! Else I'd be shot in America!
Thought you said we'd smash the West, Nikita!
But look what happened!
They hate us!
Everybody's against us!
And it's all your fault, Nikita!
Dear kindly Comrade Khrushchev— We've got some things to say! Like life would be much sweeter If you would go away! The delegates don't like us! They'd like to have our heads! Leap-in' Len-in! We're unhappy Reds!
Yeah! Commissar Khrushchev, you're flippin' your lid! Like all the time you're actin' like a real mixed-up kid! We've followed the program that you have advised, And now we find that we're despised!
You're despised?
We're despised, we're despised, We're so much despised, We're not liked because We are despised!
ROMANIA
HUNGARY
CZECH
AL BANIA
GO MULKA
Remember when you made us Collectivize our farms! The farmers then repaid us; They mainly took up arms! We did just as you told us— We had the farmers shot! Creep-in' Krem-lin! Now see what we got!
Right! Commissar Khrushchev, you're just a schlemiel! You promised lots of bread and all we got was your heel! We don't have the patience to wait for the rest! We're tellin' you we feel oppressed!
You're oppressed?
We're oppressed, we're oppressed, We're the most oppressed! We're obsessed with how much we're oppressed!


Today one thing is certain— The world is split in two! You built an Iron Curtain! *It really killed the view!* Now please do us a favor— To us we think it's due! Build a Curtain that will keep out *you!*
True! Commissar Khrushchev, you've just gone too far! Like who can really take you when you're just like the Czar! *We're tired of Pravda,* And that's why we shout! We've had our fill and we want out!
You want out?
We want out, we want out, We want out, out, out! It's so true, like all *we want is out!*
ROUMANIA
HUNGRY
ALBANIA


You say, "Shape up your nation!" Except that it won't shape! The whole darn population Is tryin' to escape! You shoulda stood in Russia! You shoulda stood in bed! Vlad-i-vos-tok! I'm a sorry Red!
Well! Commissar Khrushchev, your life's a success! You've gone and turned the world into one helluva mess! The living is lousy; our countries are wrecked! So we've decided to defect!
To defect?
We'll defect, we'll defect, Yes, we'll all defect! To the West we're going to defect!
HUNGRY

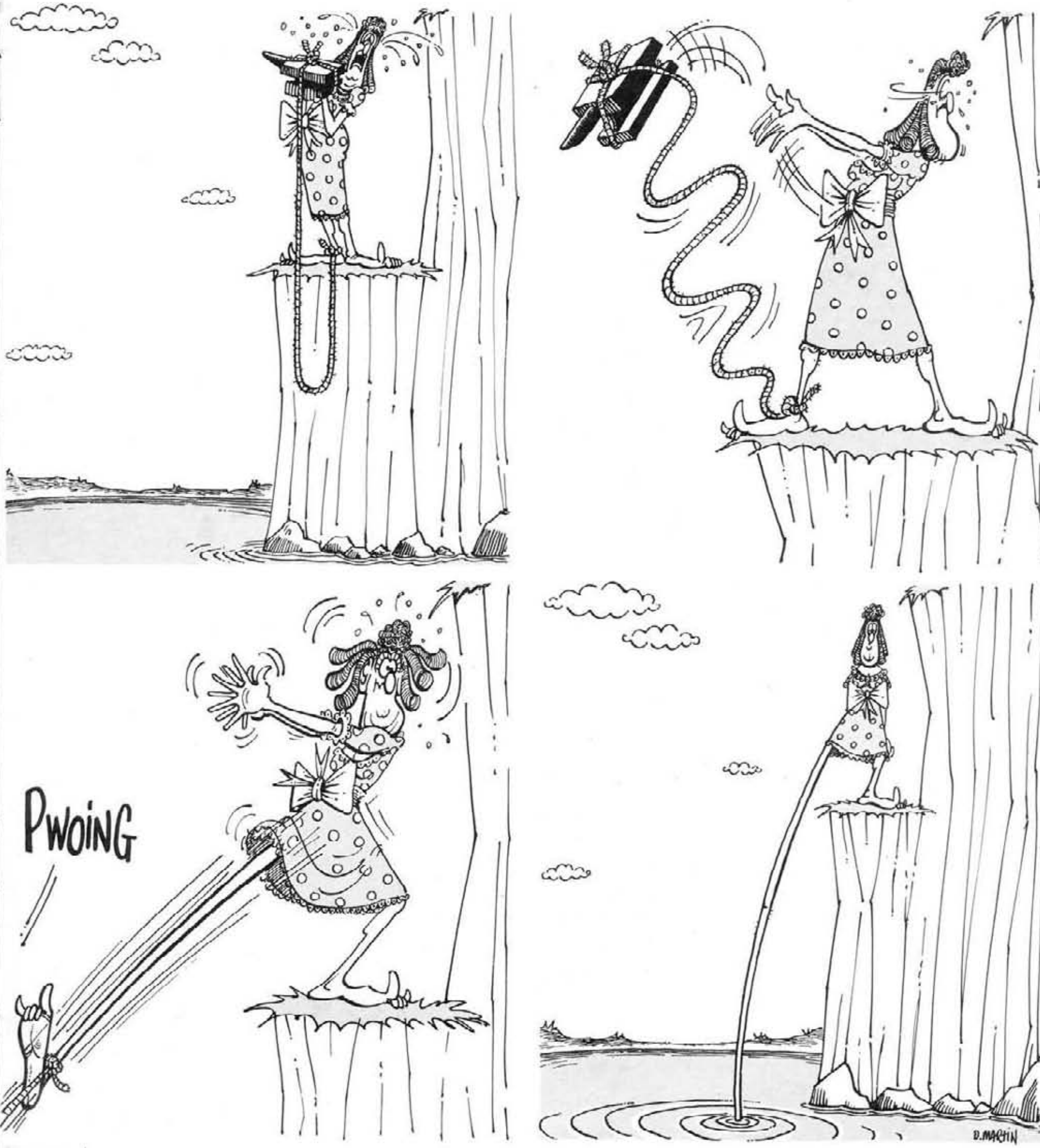

They say we can't be trusted!
They say that we are crooks!
They say we're mal-adjusted!
They say that we are schnooks!
They say we are offensive!
They say we are obscene!
Khrush-chev . . . we don't . . . like the whole routine!
Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, we're sayin' good-by! *And you can keep your Communistic "pie-in-the-sky"!* Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, us Reds are all through! Gee, Commissar Khrushchev—*Khrush you!*


Looks like you're rocking the boat, Nikita! Nobody wants to go along with you—not even your **own** boys!
Like what?
I'm not through yet! You'll change your minds when you hear what I'm gonna **do** to the West!


Like first I'm gonna write "Yankee Go Home" all over the Berlin Wall! And if that don't work, I'm gonna put Peter Lawford in orbit! And if that don't work, I'm gonna send up a rocket that'll paint my face on the moon so big you'll see it whenever you look up! And if that don't work, I'm gonna infiltrate Disneyland! And if that don't work . . .
So here you are! Acting like a street hoodlum again!
Why (gulp) hello, dear! What brings you here?
Somebody has to stop you from blowing up the world! I told you when you left the Kremlin yesterday that I didn't want you stirring up trouble! Imagine! A grown man like you behaving like a teen-age hooligan!
But, Nina . . .
Don't Nina me! If that nice Jack Kennedy hadn't called me, goodness knows what you might have done before I got here! You ought to be ashamed—with all your boasts and threats! And what's this I hear about moving the U.N. to Moscow? I have enough trouble entertaining as it is!
But I can explain . . .
You can do plenty of explaining when you get home! So get a move on or I'll put you in orbit!
I LEFT THE WATER RUNNIN' FOR YA IN THE
So much for Nikita, eh, Jack?
Right, Mac! Looks like tonight was a good night, after all!
Tonight, tonight! Nikita lost tonight! Tonight his gang was fin-al-ly skunked!
Tonight, tonight! They got it good tonight, And it means that the Reds are defunct!
Tonight Nikita made an error! His wife's a holy terror— A case of dynamite—
Tonight, we're quite Delighted that the Reds lost Their bite To-night!
MORT DRUCKER

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

THE SUICIDE





GREAT OAFS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW DEPT.

Every proud parent thinks his kid is a genius, and almost every little thing the brat does is taken as a sure sign of some extraordinary ability or talent that will surely manifest itself in later life. If, however, the little tyke does **not** fulfill his parents' hopes, it isn't because **he** failed, but rather because his **parents** failed. Mainly, they failed to **interpret** those early signs **correctly!** F'rinstance, there are some parents who thought their children would become great artists and writers. You can imagine their shock when their offspring ended up as members of the MAD Magazine staff. With this in mind, here are some other case histories which show . . .

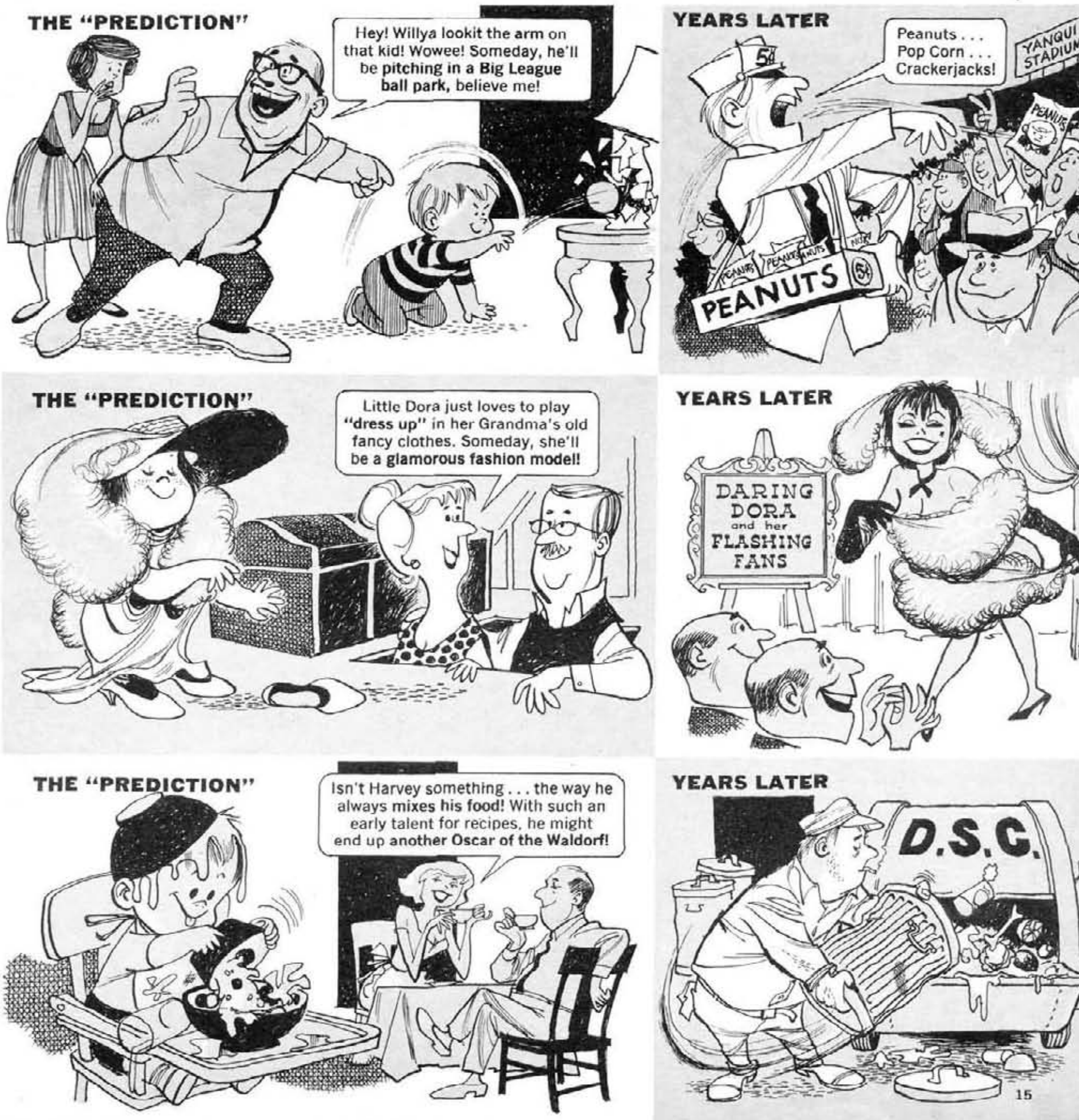






HOW PARENTS GUESS WRONG ABOUT THEIR KIDS' FUTURE CAREERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DON REILLY

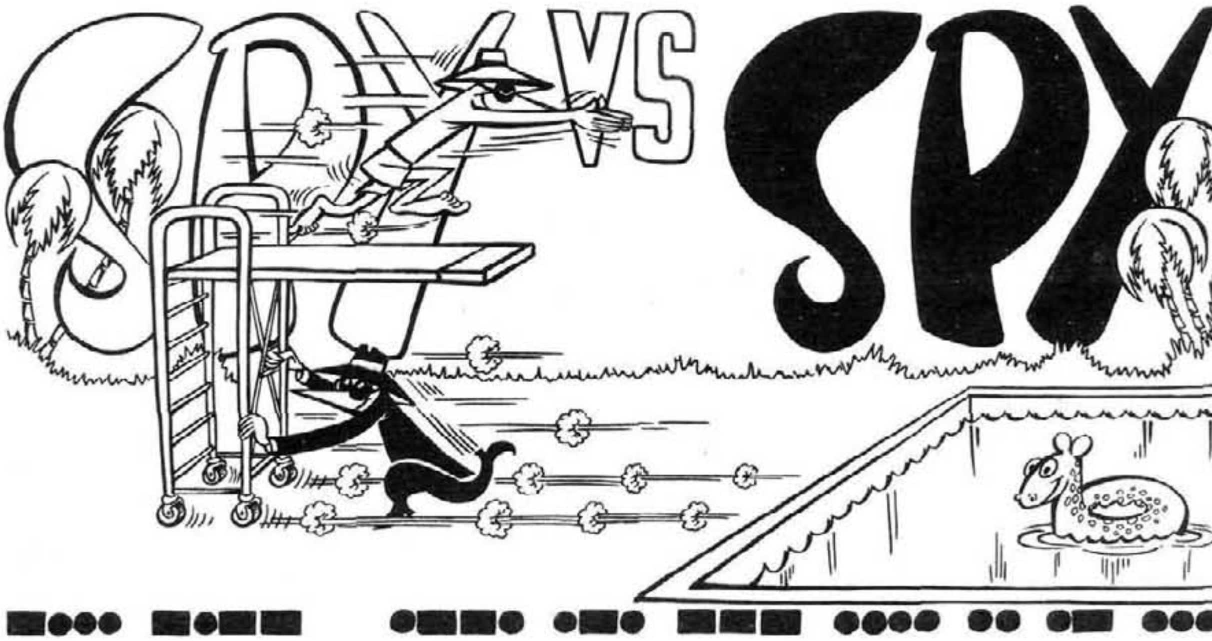


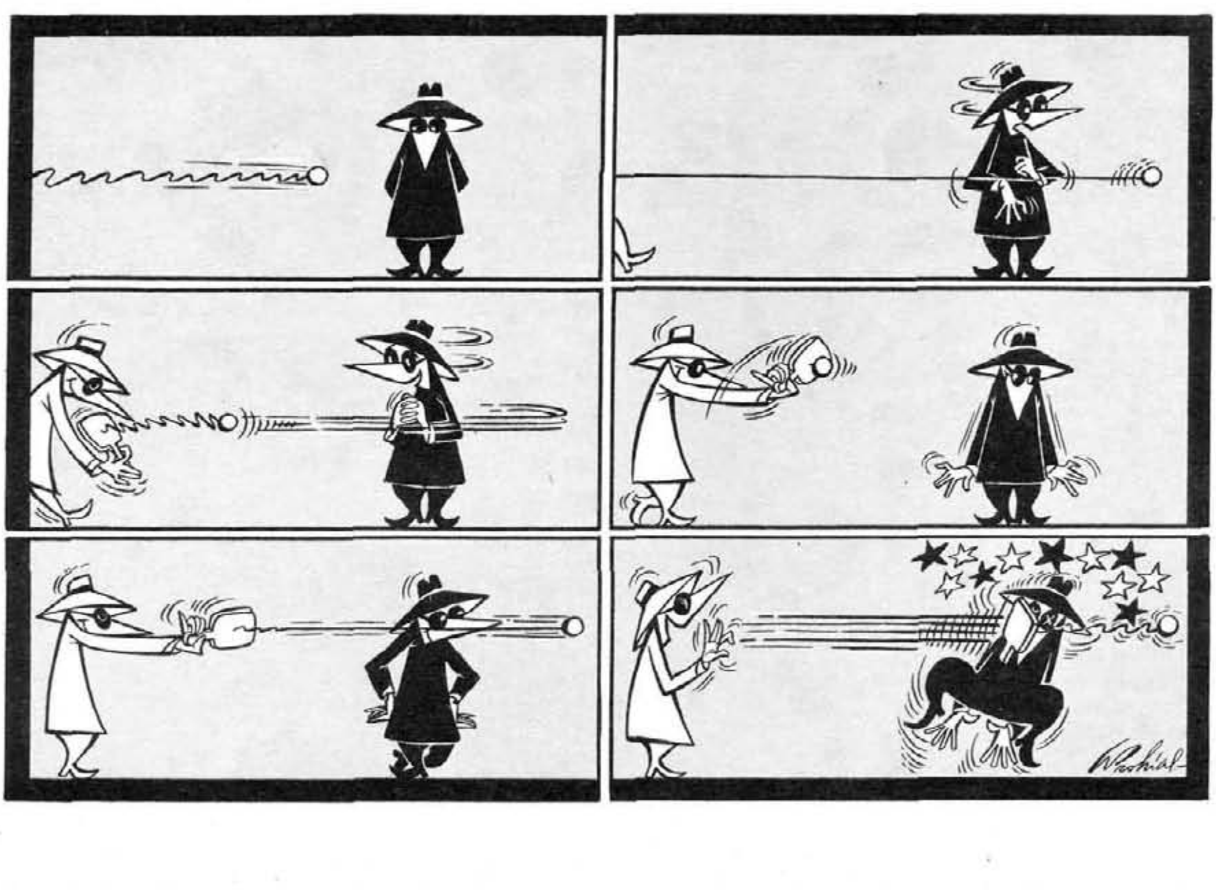


THE "PREDICTION"
See how our little Basil spends hours on end **stacking his blocks!** Someday, he's going to be a successful **builder!**
YEARS LATER
SPECIAL TODAY
THE "PREDICTION"
Have you noticed how Clyde loves to **pour stuff** in and out of old jars and bottles? Betcha it means he's a natural-born **chemist!**
YEARS LATER
THE "PREDICTION"
The way Zelda loves to **scribble in her little pad** all the time makes me feel that she's destined to be a **great writer** someday!
YEARS LATER
DRIVE IN
. . . and a cheeseboiger wit' all d' trimmin's . . .
THE "PREDICTION"
Heh-heh! There's little Fenwick— **"hamming it up"** with that **old straw hat** again! He's a **"born entertainer"** if I ever saw one, the li'l ham!
YEARS LATER

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

Antonio Prohias, who was forced to flee Cuba because he refused to become a "Castro Convertible", brings us another MAD installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white—better known as . . .

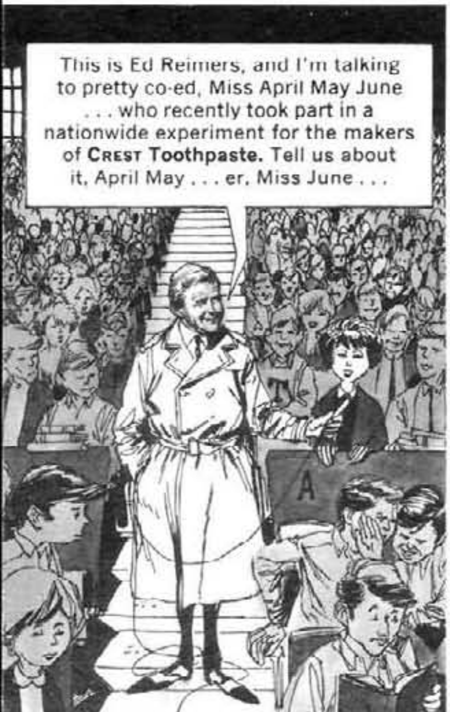






WITH NO REIMERS OR REASON DEPT.

Thanks to sponsors who feel that the only way they can prove the legitimacy of their products is by forcing large groups of people into using vastly inferior ones . . . America is in serious trouble! We are becoming a nation

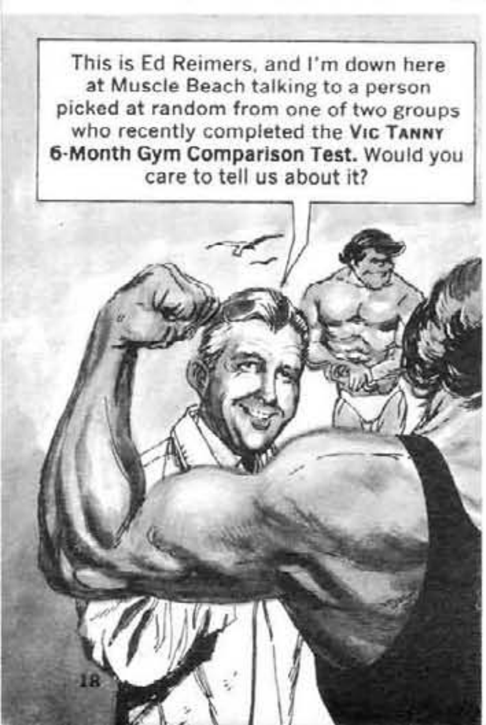


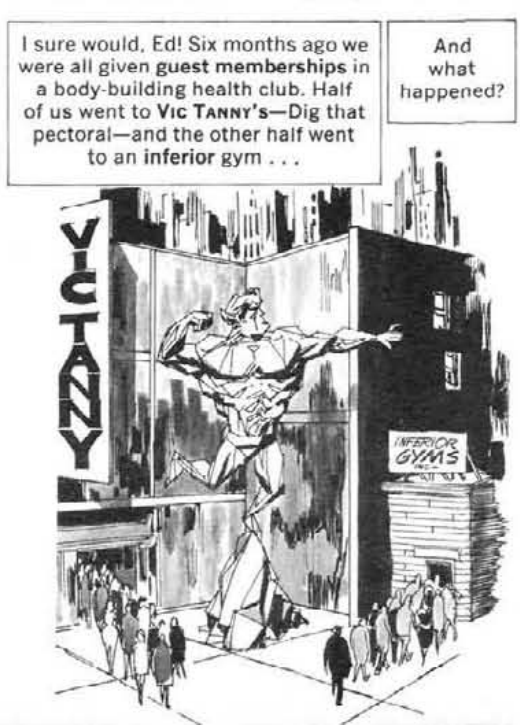




And there you have it, folks! Proof positive that if they keep it up, the CREST commercial may in time end up decaying half the mouths in America. And that's not the worst of it! What if this type of commercial should catch on

FUTURE GROUP-C







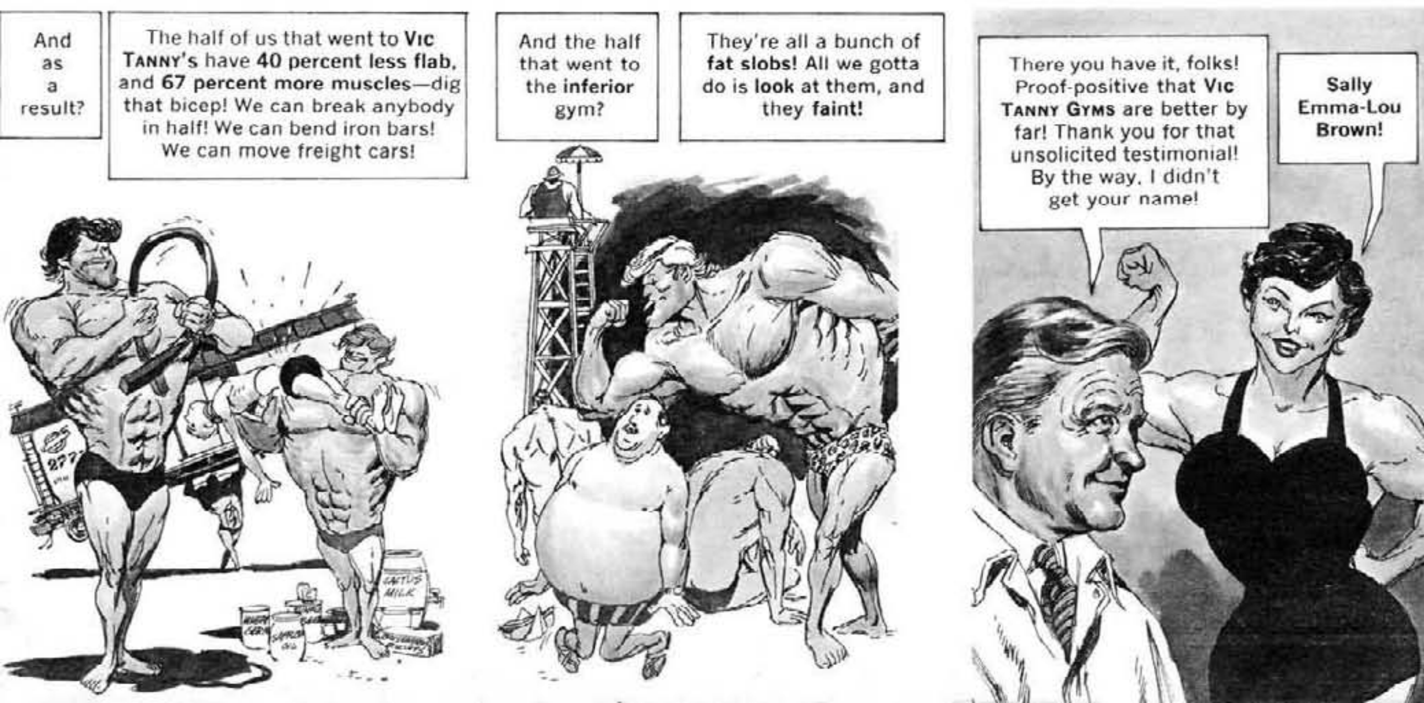
of INFERIOR BRAND-TESTERS! Outstanding among these is the "CREST Group Comparison Test" which literally takes half a college and forces them to use an inferior toothpaste. You've seen the commercial. It goes like this:

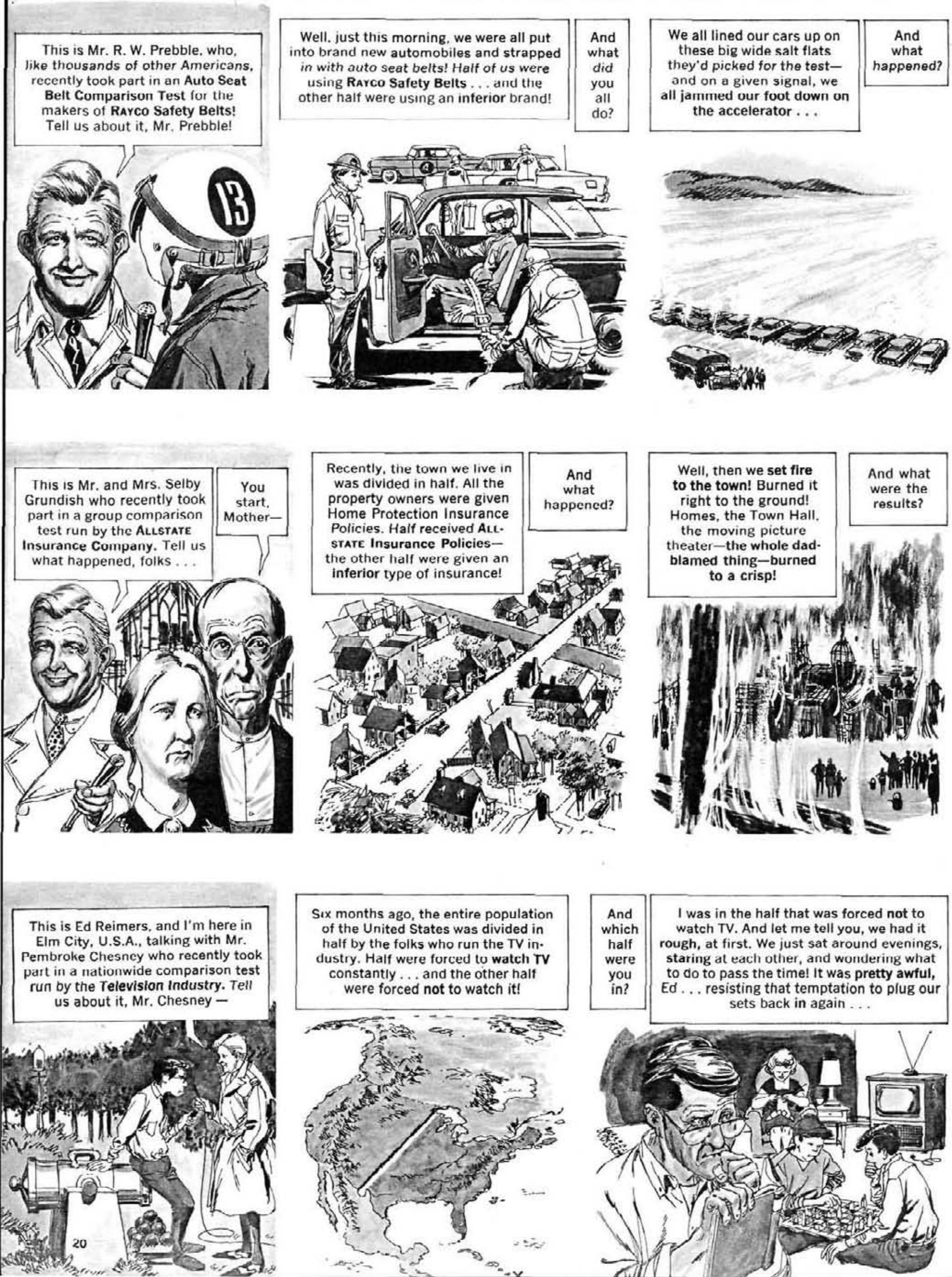


and really start a trend? What if other sponsors started using this method of demonstrating their product claims? To show you the catastrophe that may overtake us, let's jump ahead a few months and examine some of the possible

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: EARLE DOUD

OMPARISON TESTS




This is Mr. R. W. Prebble, who, like thousands of other Americans, recently took part in an Auto Seat Belt Comparison Test for the makers of RAYCO Safety Belts! Tell us about it, Mr. Prebble!
13
Well, just this morning, we were all put into brand new automobiles and strapped in with auto seat belts! Half of us were using RAYCO Safety Belts . . . and the other half were using an inferior brand!
And what did you all do?
We all lined our cars up on these big wide salt flats they'd picked for the test—and on a given signal, we all jammed our foot down on the accelerator . . .
And what happened?
This is Mr. and Mrs. Selby Grundish who recently took part in a group comparison test run by the ALLSTATE Insurance Company. Tell us what happened, folks . . .
You start, Mother—
Recently, the town we live in was divided in half. All the property owners were given Home Protection Insurance Policies. Half received ALLSTATE Insurance Policies—the other half were given an inferior type of insurance!
And what happened?
Well, then we set fire to the town! Burned it right to the ground! Homes, the Town Hall, the moving picture theater—the whole dad-blamed thing—burned to a crisp!
And what were the results?
This is Ed Reimers, and I'm here in Elm City, U.S.A., talking with Mr. Pembroke Chesney who recently took part in a nationwide comparison test run by the Television Industry. Tell us about it, Mr. Chesney —
Six months ago, the entire population of the United States was divided in half by the folks who run the TV industry. Half were forced to watch TV constantly . . . and the other half were forced not to watch it!
And which half were you in?
I was in the half that was forced not to watch TV. And let me tell you, we had it rough, at first. We just sat around evenings, staring at each other, and wondering what to do to pass the time! It was pretty awful, Ed . . . resisting that temptation to plug our sets back in again . . .



We took off at a fantastic speed, getting our cars up to a good 70 —80 miles an hour! I mean, we were **really travelling!**
And then . . . ?
And then? Why—then we all **smashed our cars head-on** into the **brick wall** they'd built across the flats especially for the test! Like we were **supposed** to!
And what were the results?
Our half—the half that were using **Rayco Safety Belts** had **47% fewer casualties** than the half using the **inferior** belts! Boy, you should've **seen** 'em! What a **mess!** Most of 'em are **still out there . . . embedded in the wall!**
And there you have it, folks! Proof positive that **Rayco Safety Belts** are best by far—for your car!
Well, half of us were in **good hands** with **Allstate.** We ended up with **39 percent fewer debts!** Because **Allstate** came out here and gave us the money to re-build five minutes after the fire was out!
And what about the **other** half?
Well, it turned out that they were in **bad hands** with that **inferior** company. They never got a **dime!** They were all **wiped out!** Now, they're broke — destitute — begging for a few morsels of food — some warm clothes — shelter . . .
I notice you folks who were **paid** by **Allstate** haven't started **re-building** yet . . .
That's right! And we don't **aim** to! We're thinking of moving to **another** town to rebuild! Mainly because we can't stand living around those no-good **bums, leeches,** and **parasites** who **now** make up the other half of **this** town!
And there you have it, folks! Proof-positive that you're in **good hands . . .** but **only** with **Allstate!**
And the other half? What about them?
While the other half went on watching "Westerns" and "Doctor Shows" and "Lawyer Shows" and 'Detective Shows" and "Sing-Along Shows" like they did before!
BEN CASEY
And what were the final results, Mr. Chesney?
Well, **our** group — the group that was forced to **give up** TV—ended up with **79 percent fewer neurotics, 83 percent fewer psychotics,** and **99 percent fewer cases of suicide!**
Because you didn't have to watch all those **"Westerns"** and **"Doctor Shows"** and . . .
Mainly because we didn't have to watch these **stupid group comparison tests!**

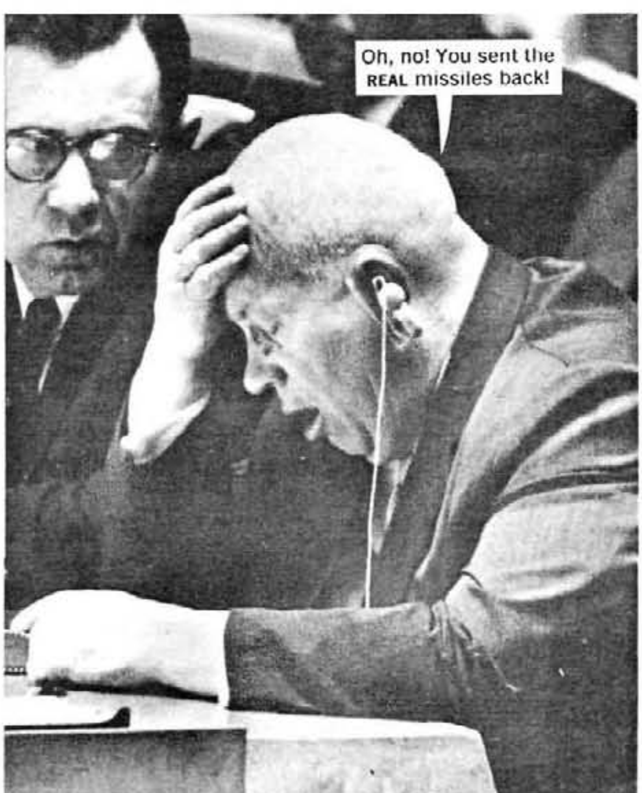
FREEDOM WITH SPEECH DEPT.

Here's another installment of that continuing MAD feature where we take standard news photos, add a few lines of absurd dialogue, and throw the best ones in the waste paper basket—'cause we don't want to get sued out of business for –

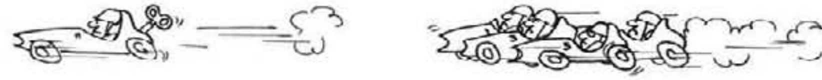
SPEAKING





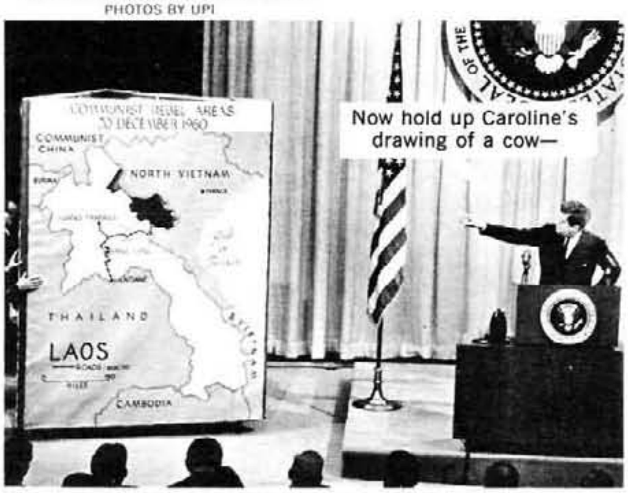




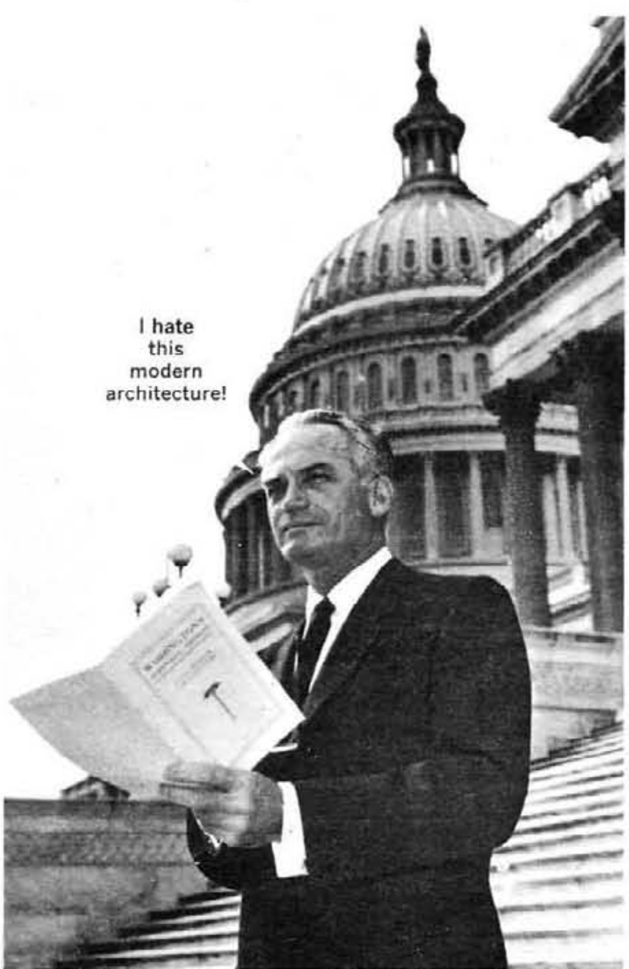


FROM PICTURES

WRITER: GERALD GARDNER
PHOTOS BY UPI









EDITORIAL "I" DEPT.

It's a well-known fact today that more and more newspapers are going out of business, and more and more cities are becoming what are known as "one-newspaper towns." Naturally, the "only newspaper" in a town controls what everyone reads, and can be pretty obnoxious, opinionated, and in-

ALL THE NEWS THAT WE FEEL LIKE PRINTING, AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT . . . TOUGH!

The Daily

"Festerville's **LEADING** Newspaper—b

FEBRUARY 15, 1963 | ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO | WEATHER: There will be no V appearing on TV, a

DAILY MONOPOLY WINS COVETED "HENRY R. LUCE AWARD" FOR EXCELLENCE IN NEWS REPORTING

NEW YORK, Feb. 13 — Henry R. Luce, Editor-in-Chief of LIFE and TIME Magazines, presented *The Daily Monopoly* with his annual award for "Excellent News Reporting" today.

"Of all the newspapers considered," said Luce, "*The Daily Monopoly* most closely follows the long-established journalistic traditions of LIFE and TIME, in not allowing such mundane and unimportant things as facts to stand in the way of the personal feelings and prejudices of its publisher and editor in the presentation of straight news."

Accepting the coveted award for *The Daily Monopoly* at ceremonies held in The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester. After the presentation, a lousy roast beef dinner was served, which should have been filet mignon, considering importance of the occasion.

We believe that in a Free Press, there is one side to every question

OUR DYNAMIC PUBLISHER ADDRESSES MEETING OF TOWN CONSERVATIVES



Dynamic right-wing publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester spoke to leading town Conservatives at the Czar Nicholas Club on Elm St. last night. Subject of his talk was: "The Danger of Losing America to the Reds if Someone Starts Another Newspaper in this Town." Here you see, (right to extreme right) Mr. Thorpe-Fester; Amos Gorgg, founder of the "Kublai Khan Idealists"; Stanley Nobnock, Chairman, the "Louis XIV Dreamers"; and Sophie Ulster, Pres. of the "Daughters of the American Cavemen." Denied admission to lecture was Carl Pfrinz of the leftist "John Birch Society."

SOMETHING HILARIOUS HAPPENS ON THE CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD

Something hilarious happened on the corner of Main and Third Streets last night. Every time we think about it, we laugh so hard we think we'll burst.

Originally, we had planned to report the details here. But now we've changed our minds. We're saving it so we can be the first to tell it at cocktail parties and social functions—before it gets around.

Brainy, Gorgeous Publisher's Wife Concludes Fabulously Absorbing Story

Selma Thorpe-Fester, the bright, witty, and lovely wife of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, informed *The Daily Monopoly* today that the dramatic and absorbing story of her appendicitis operation, which has been running daily in this paper in serial form for some time now, is finally over.



Charming Mrs. Selma Thorpe-Fester

Following is a run-down of some of the unimportant news stories which we were forced to omit to make room for Mrs. Thorpe-Fester's lengthy but fascinating account of her operation:

Sept. 2, 1945—World War II officially ended today when Japan surrendered aboard the battleship Missouri. Accepting their surrender on behalf of the victorious allies, Gen. Douglas MacArthur *(Cont. Pg. 13)*

"It's quite a story," said Thorpe-

Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, brilliant, dynamic, crusading,



dependent in its attitude toward the public. And the way things look now, these "only" newspapers are going to be even more obnoxious, opinionated and independent than ever. In fact, if you live in a "one-newspaper town," you may be reading something like this in the very near future . . .

Monopoly

cause it's Festerville's **ONLY** Newspaper"

34,875 Homes Now Receive **The Monopoly** Every Day. Why Not? There's Nothing Else To Read!

eather Report today because our Publisher is d you're supposed to stay home and watch him.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PRICE: $1.50 PER COPY And we can get it, too!

President Makes Ridiculous, Asinine, Idiotic Tax Suggestion To Congress

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 14 – Miserable Democratic President John F. Kennedy, in a speech to a joint session of Congress yesterday, made one of the most insane tax suggestions in recent history. Honest to God, when we found out about it, we reporters who are writing this straight, unbiased news story got so sick to our stomachs we thought we'd die.

Do you know what this man who laughingly calls himself a "President" wants to do with *your money?*

Can you keep a straight face?

He wants all entertainment expenses that are not directly connected with actual business procedures disallowed for deduction purposes on income tax reports. Now if that isn't a slap in the face to all American businessmen, and particularly to courageous, dynamic newspaper publishers with yachts and summer homes and chauffeur-driven Cadillacs to support, we don't know what is! Really, no kidding, do you think this is fair? We mean, how Communistic can you get?

Remember this: The Senate missed impeaching Andrew Johnson by just *one vote* in 1868. Let's make sure they don't miss *this time!* Write your Senator immediately! And make sure you send him a copy of this objective, unbiased, straight news story—together with the blistering Editorial on page 8, written by our courageous, dynamic newspaper publisher.

You may not agree with what we say, but you've got no choice

EXCLUSIVE

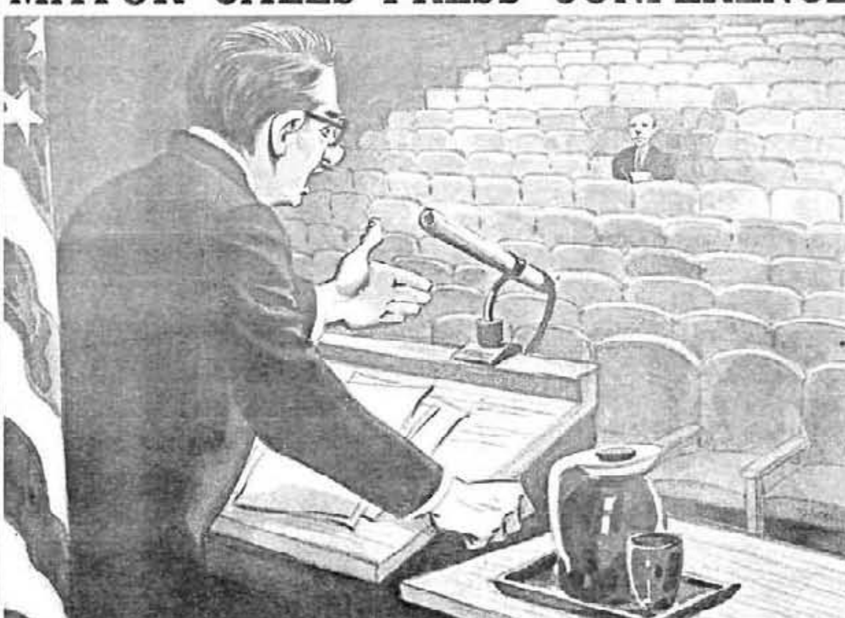
Daily Monopoly Reporter Scores Big News Scoop

by Godfrey Zinn

In a town like Festerville, which has only one newspaper, it is naturally quite difficult to score a big news scoop on another paper. For that reason, we energetic, quick-thinking journalists on *The Daily Monopoly* have to do the next-best thing. We have to scoop each other!

I have information from a highly-reliable, unimpeachable source (namely our type-setter) that on Page 13 of today's paper there will be a poignant letter in the "Advice To The Lovelorn" column from somebody who calls herself "Worried." It seems that "Worried's" husband has been going out with another woman all along and when *(Cont. on page 12)*

MAYOR CALLS PRESS CONFERENCE



Mayor Fenwick Himp called a press conference in the Civic Auditorium yesterday to bring to the people the details of his new, highly-controversial City Traffic Control Plan, which this newspaper is against. Representatives of all the various newspapers in town are shown here: (left to right) Hollis Schnabble, of *The Daily Monopoly*. We won't bother you with details of the Mayor's ridiculous plan.

DYNAMIC PUBLISHER ALMOST LANDS RECORD BREAKING FISH

OVER THE YEARS with The Daily Monopoly

25 YEARS AGO TODAY: A brilliant, handsome, dynamic son was born today to *Daily Monopoly* publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester and his beautiful wife, Selma. The flawless child, named Henry, was delivered by Caesarian operation.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY: Publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant five-year-old son, Henry, *said his first word* today: "Money!". He was also introduced to his mother for the first time. The latter had been away on a five-year tour of the Midwest, discussing her Caesarian operation.

15 YEARS AGO TODAY: Ten-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, gifted son of *Daily Monopoly* publisher, Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, was given a new lake today as a school promotion gift by his proud father. Tomorrow, Henry goes on to second grade. Congratulations, and lots of luck, Hank.

5 YEARS AGO TODAY: Twenty-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant and creative son, flunked out of Journalism School today for giving the five "W's" of news reporting as: Wine, Women, Welshing, Wasting, and Woolgathering.

TODAY: Twenty-five-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, talented son of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, today was turned down for a check at the Unemployment Bureau because of his inability to sign his name. He joins the staff of *The Daily Monopoly* tomorrow. Best of luck in your new job as Editor-In-Chief, Hank!

THE INQUIRING PUBLISHER

QUESTION

Why are you so proud of me as a courageous dynamic publisher?

WHERE ASKED

Various places around my house.

Edna Thorpe-Fester

Loving Mother



Son, I'm proud of you for the same reason that any other average news-hungry citizen is proud of a newspaper publisher in an age of anxiety brought on by the threat of nuclear annihilation. First, because you always wear your muffler when it's cold outside. Second, because you drink your milk every day at 3 o'clock without me telling you to. Third, because you never holler on your children. And finally, because you make more money than a doctor even.

Horace Greeley Fester

Devoted Father



Gee, I don't know what to say! I mean, I'm so excited — to think — of all people in this whole wide house, you chose to interview me, a total father to you! Gosh-all-criminentlies. . . . Okay, enough of this humility garbage! You know damn well why I'm proud of you! You took a ridiculous, opinionated newspaper I founded 60 years ago, and kept it going as a family plaything. But if you ever change one Neanderthal policy, I'll break your courageous, dynamic neck!

Selma Thorpe-Fester

Loyal Wife



Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given me the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of my various operations, despite the personal sacrifice and loneliness it meant to you.

Flora LaVie

Adoring Upstairs Maid



Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given your wife the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of her various operations, so that you and I — what are you shushing me for?

LETTERS TO THE PUBLISHER

SHOCKED

Dear Sir:

I read your highly-opinionated, arch-conservative editorial of Feb. 10th, and was absolutely shocked by the terrible things you said about organized labor, medical care for the aged, Quentin Reynolds and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Westbrook Pegler,
New York City

NOTES

Dear Sir:

We realize that your newspaper is pretty much of a personal family thing with you, but may we make a small request? In the future, kindly leave notes to our milkmen in empty bottles outside your door at home, instead of publishing them on the editorial page of your paper. Sometimes, they are hard to find.

The Dairyfresh Milk Co.
Festerville

TIME CAPSULE

Dear Sir:

Thank you for offering to donate a copy of *The Daily Monopoly* for the new time capsule to be buried at the 1964 World's Fair in New York, to give future generations an idea of the quality of newspapers in one-newspaper towns. Unfortunately, we have already planned to include a copy of Pravda in the capsule, and we feel that your newspaper would be a duplication.

Robert Moses
New York City

CANDIDATE

Dear Sir:

Regarding your ultra-right-wing editorial of February 8th, we are pleased that you have expressed your desire to be a Republican candidate for office in 1964. However, we regret to inform you that, as of now, there are no plans for a contest for the office of "Emperor" in your state that year.

William F. Miller
Chairman, Republican Party
Washington, D.C.

PUZZLED

Dear Sir:

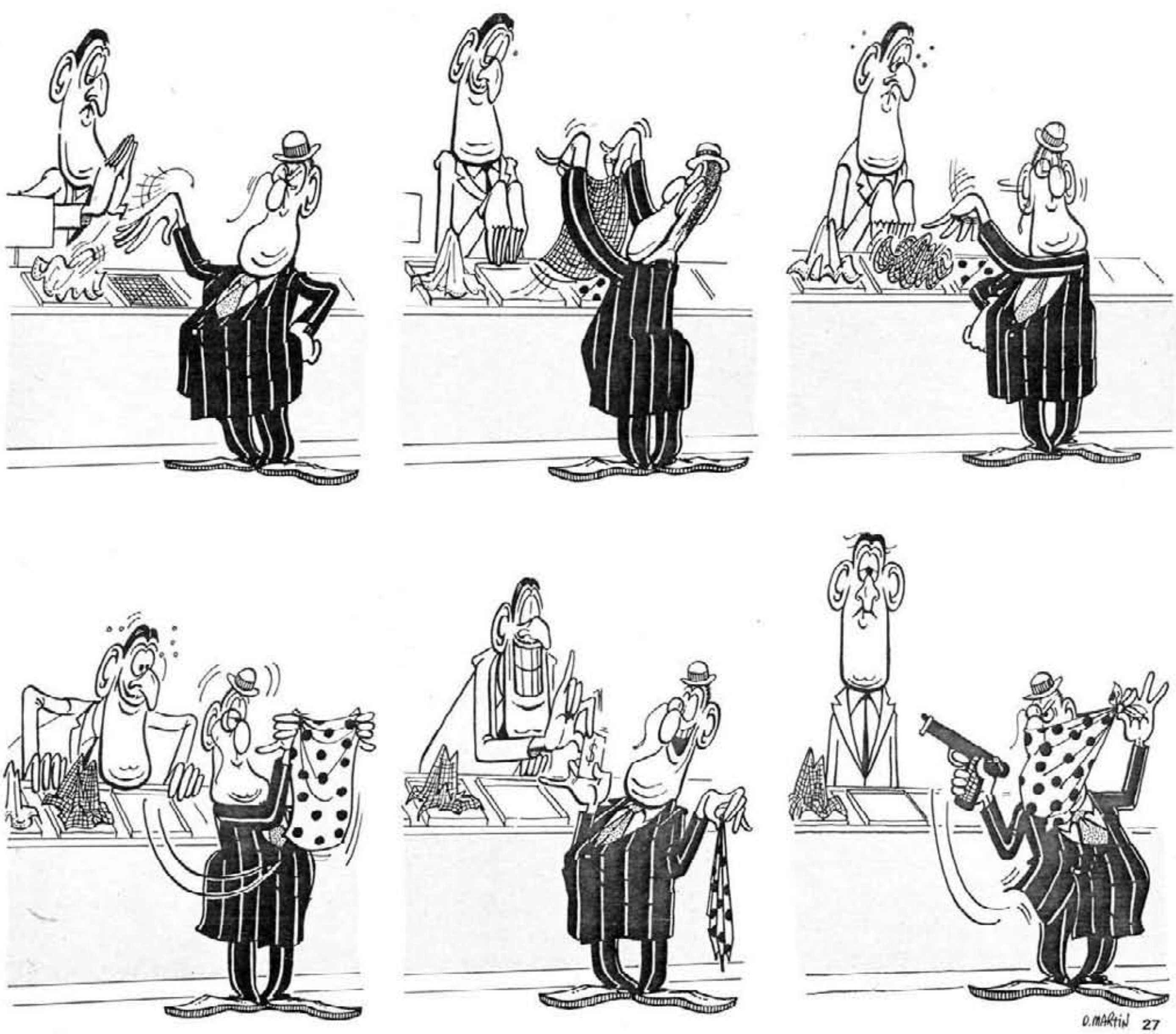
I realize that you don't give a damn about your readers, but there *is such a thing as going too far.* What I mean is, if you are going to run daily crossword puzzles, at least *have the decency to use legitimate* words. I have just seen the answer to your puzzle of Feb. 11, and I am positive that there is no such thing as a "Left-handed herniated Hopi Indian" called a "BVRTZ" or a "Southern Israel potato bug" called a "KRNXTL."

Margaret Farrar
New York City

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

IN A MEN'S HABERDASHERY





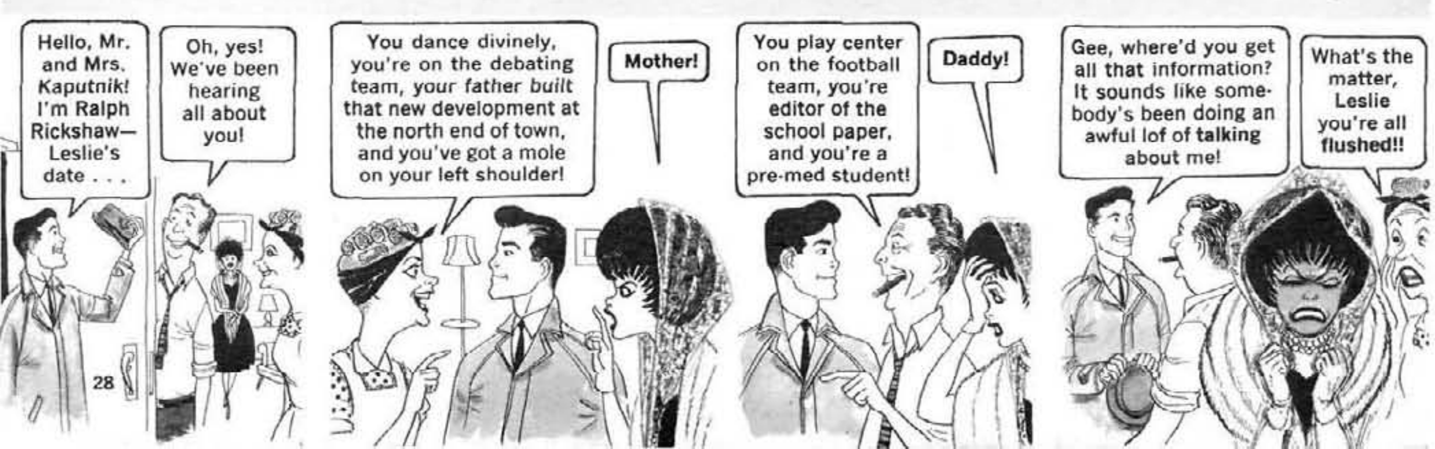
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

There's a big hullabaloo going on in this country about whether our young people are starting to date too early in life. Well, we don't mean to enter into this touchy controversy . . . but merely start another: Mainly, whether David Berg is starting to write about dating *too late* in life. You can all judge for yourselves as MAD presents

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF







DATING

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG




Imagine! I have a daughter old enough to go on a date! Oh, Sam, I'm so worried!
Calm down! She's only 12, and the boy isn't much older! Besides, it's her very first date! What could happen?
"ALL THAT I AM OR EVER WILL BE, I OWE"
Look! Look! Sam! Here she comes!!
Well, Judy—how did it go?
He's so **inexperienced!**
What's wrong? Saturday night and no date?
Yeah! I was hoping Paul Horn would call me for a date, but he didn't! Gee, I'm miserable!
I'LL GET IT!
RING
HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH GOODER
Hello?
Hello, Rita? This is Paul Horn! You doing anything this evening??
Hey, Kathy! If George asked you to go bowling with him, would you go?
Why doesn't George ask me himself? Then, I'll have the pleasure of giving him my answer personally!
MAIN HIGHWAY OPEN WHILE DETOUR IS REPAIRED
Hi, Kathy! Would you come bowling with me?
NO!
Hurry! Hurry!
What's the rush?
I promised your folks I'd have you home by **11 o'clock**—and it's **quarter to**, now!
I must say, Herman is a man of his word. He said he'd get you home by 11—and by golly he delivered you **on the button!**
PUFF PUFF
Herman! It's about **time** you got home! When I said I wanted you home by 10:30, I **meant** by 10:30!


Hello?
H—H—H—
H-hello?
Yes?
Er—uh—ah—
I mean . . .
Speak up, young man! Is there anything I can do for you?
Er—uh—Y-yes! Can I—ah— speak to—to—
Is—Is—
Uh—
Carol! It's for you! Some boy wants to ask you for a **date,** I guess . . .
Sorry . . . but I'm **busy!**
Will you explain to me why you turned him down after you were hoping so hard that he'd call and ask you??
What?!—And let him know I **didn't** have a date for tonight?
Mind if I cut in . . .?
I want to thank you for a lovely evening Milton . . .
Why, if it weren't for **you,** I would never have met ***Harold Sharpstuff!***
ALRIGHT! ENOUGH ALREADY! BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!!
WE CAN'T! OUR BRACES ARE LOCKED!!

SPATIAL DELIVERY DEPT.

The world has gone "ape" over our latest scientific achievement . . . "Telstar"—the satellite that spins around in space, showering Earth with TV fallout. Well, we at MAD say, "Beware! Remember, the greater the achievement, the greater the problems it brings." Let's consider

THE DARKER SIDE OF

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

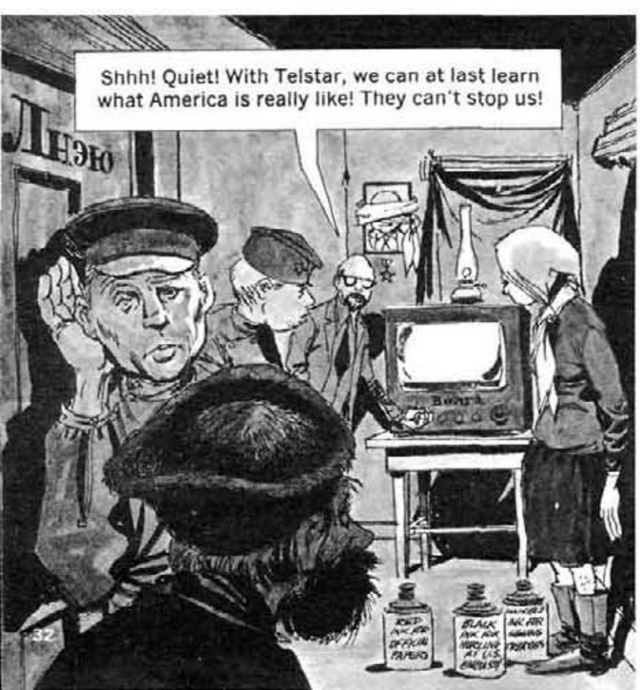
SUBTLE RUSSIAN JAMMING



The advantages of beaming American television into Russia may be lost when the Reds break in and dub new voices . . .



BREAKING THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN



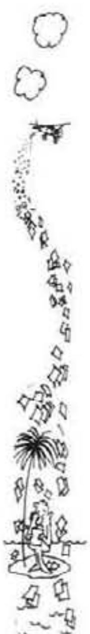
When it's 9 P.M. in Moscow, it's 9 A.M. in Los Angeles so Moscovites may be disappointed in U.S. television . . .

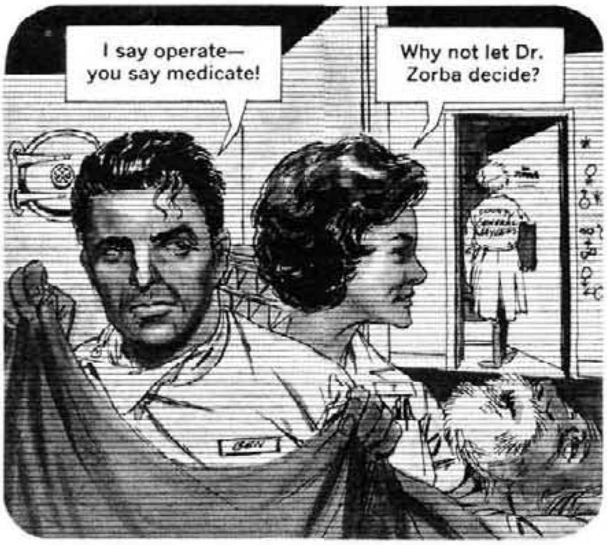




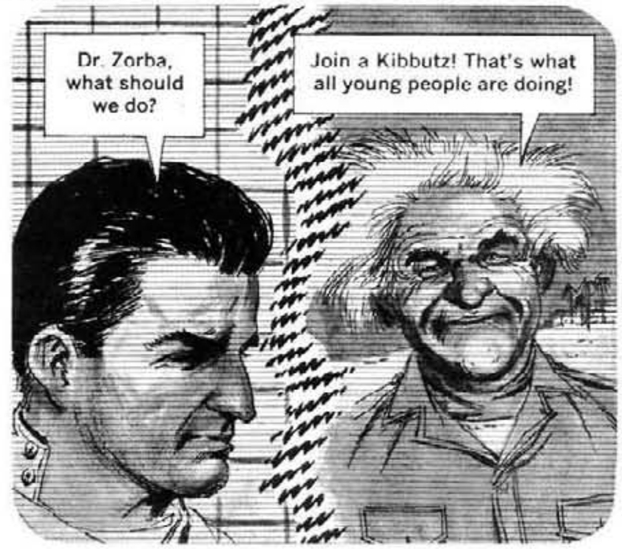
WRITER: STAN HART

SUDDEN SIGNAL FADEOUTS

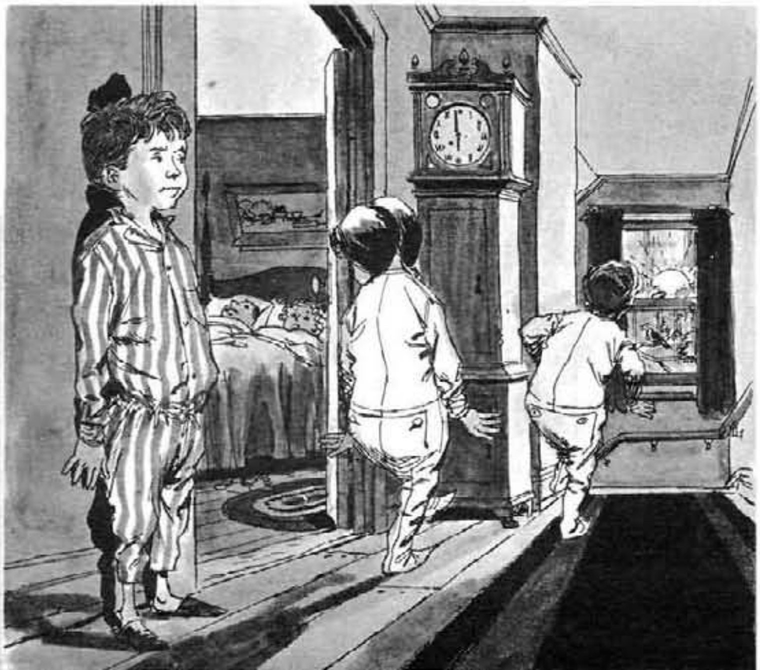




Because Telstar's range is limited, American TV pictures could fade out, while other nations' programs fade in . . .



THE IRON CURTAIN STRIKES BACK



On the other hand, the Reds could take advantage of this 12 hour time difference, and put it to work for them . . .



PICK-UPS FROM SPACE



Since TV impulses do not die—they float away into space, Telstar could conceivably pick up some old TV signals . . .



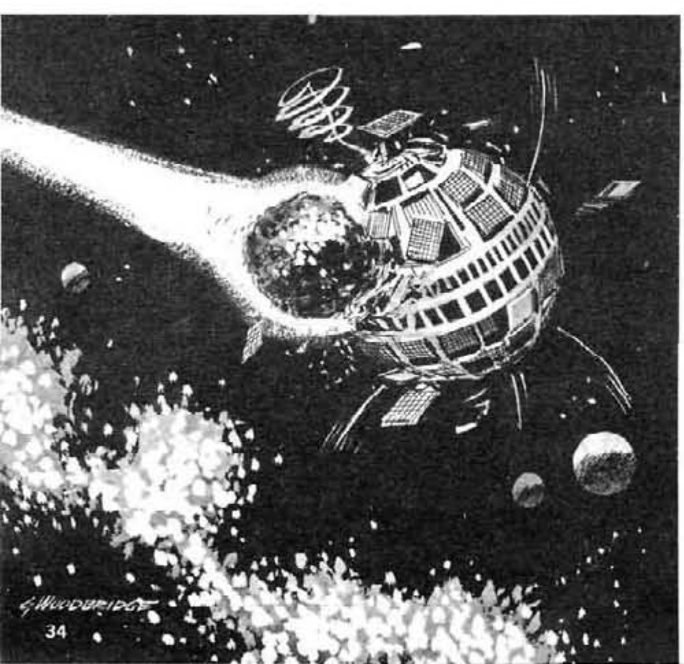
PICK-UPS FROM OUTER SPACE



One exciting possibility is that use of the Telstar may result in our contacting other forms of civilization . . .



BIGGEST PROBLEM OF ALL

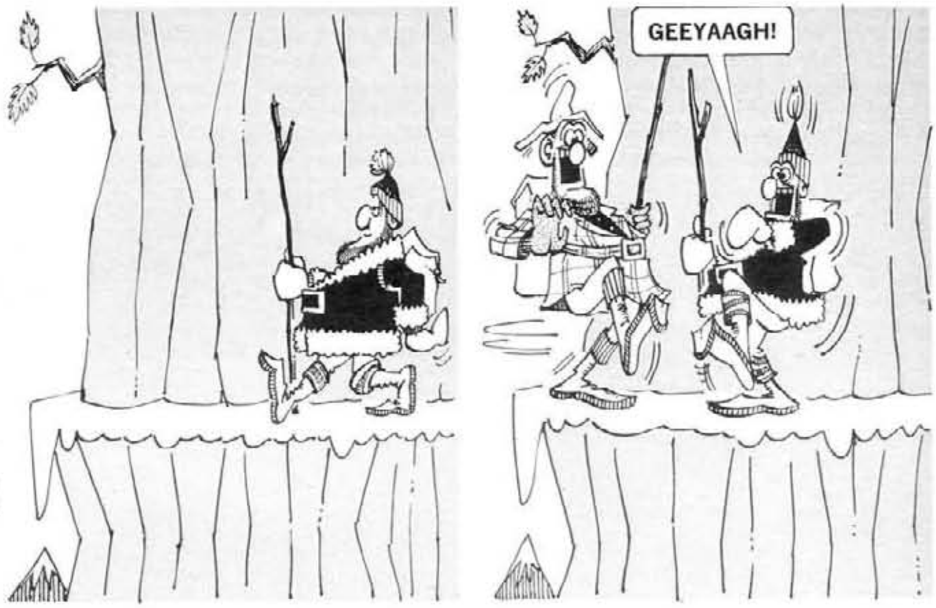


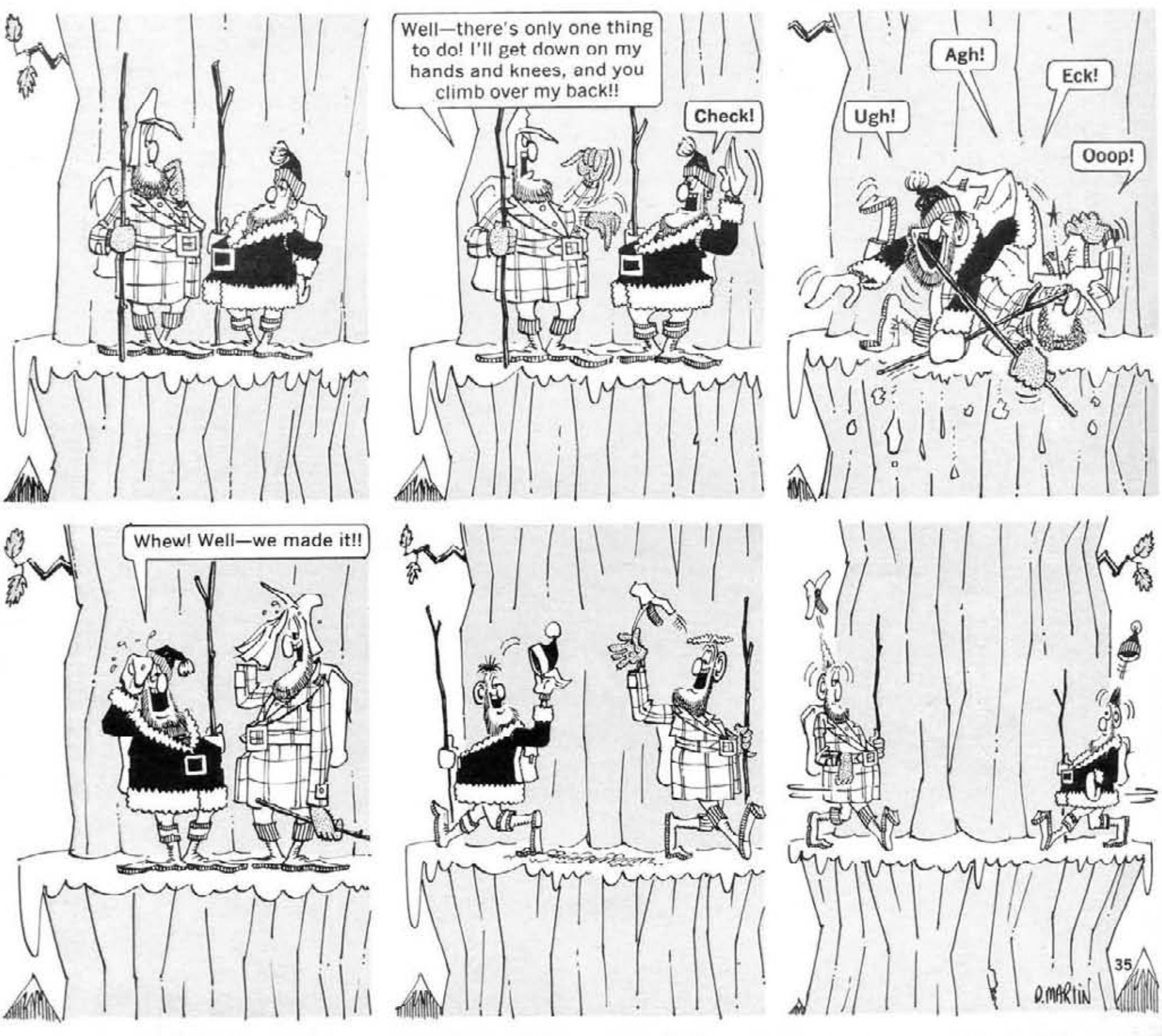
Yes, the biggest problem we face with Telstar is that, in space, the meteorites may strike it, putting it out of order—

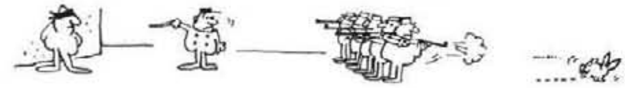


DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

IN THE KLONDIKE







Basically, the game of chess is a game of "war." It was created many centuries ago, and so it was naturally based on war as it was waged in those times. The stratagems employed, though classic, are completely anachronistic in the light of modern military science. That last sentence makes no sense to us whatsoever, but it does tend to lend a highly intellectual tone to an otherwise stupid article like this one is gonna be. Anyway, let's just say that the kind of war the traditional chess game represents is a far cry from the kind of war nations would be moronic enough to fight today. And so, we propose that the game be brought up to date, that all the pieces be re-designed, and that, while there's still time, we start playing MAD's . . .

THE TRADITIONAL CHESS SET

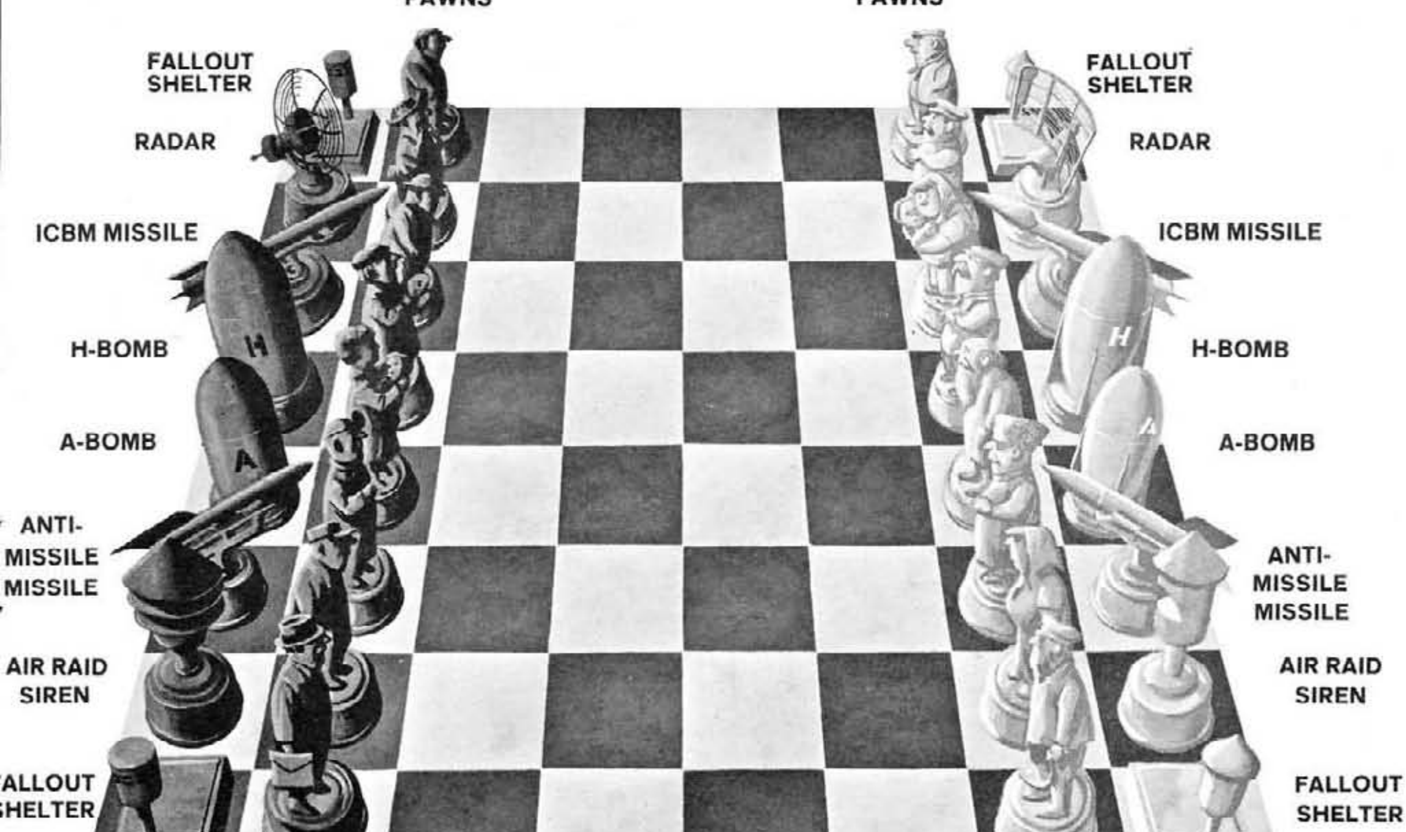


Note how accurately this fine old antique chess set depicts the glory of ancient war. Note splendid royalty. Note bold knights. Note proud bishops. Note grand castles. Note haggard, tattered, hungry pawns who are in the front rows . . . and have to take most of the beating.

MODERN CHESS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE   WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAD'S MODERN CHESS SET



Note how accurately this modern chess set depicts current cold war tactics. Note brilliant scientific pieces. Note terrified, neurotic pawns on brink of cracking up. Note one thing that hasn't changed. Pawns are still in front rows . . . and have to take most of the beating.



MOVES
The Old Way

Each traditional chess piece moves in a particular direction. This permits special intricate strategies that have fascinated brilliant minds for centuries. It also permits clods like us to come along with silly explanations of these intricate moves for clods like you.

PAWNS *move ahead one square* at a time except first move when two is optional. They move diagonally one square to capture opposing pieces.



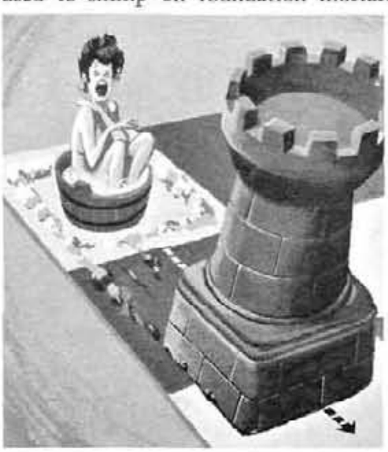
KNIGHTS *move in L-shape patterns* in any direction — two squares ahead and one to the side (or is it one square ahead and two to the side?).



BISHOPS *can move in any direction* diagonally. A black bishop moves on black squares, and a red bishop is a terrible thing to call a bishop.



ROOKS (Castles) move in any direction in a straight line. Idea began when cheap ancient castle builders used to skimp on foundation mortar.



THE KING can make any kind of a move he might suddenly get an urge to make . . . but only one at a time. Game is over when King is captured.



THE QUEEN can make any move in any direction she wants to make in order to protect the King. His little game is over when she shows up.



PLAY
The Old Way

The exciting stimulation of ancient battle, realistically recreated on a game board with all of its clever strategies, has been thrilling the chess enthusiast for centuries. In the picture at the right, we see a typical spine-tingling competition. Note the wide-eyed concentration — Note the intense emotional strain — Note the anxious expectancy of the player on the right as he waits for the player on the left to make his move. Note that the player on the left has been dead for three years.





MOVES
The NEW Way

MAD's modern chess pieces are not limited to special moves. In fact, each move is completely unpredictable. Cunning, trickery, accident, sneakiness, surprise, fear, anxiety . . . any of these could play a vital part in the game. F'rinstance, a game might work like this—

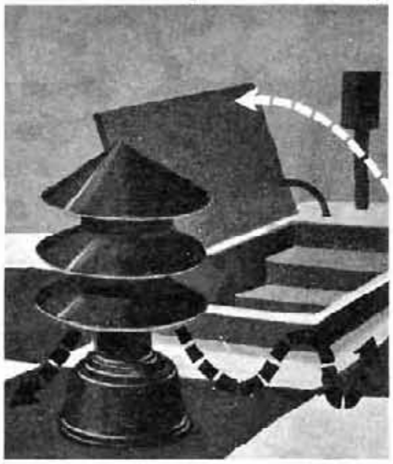
Player on left blinks momentarily. Opponent quickly launches his ICBM Missile, attempting a sneak attack.



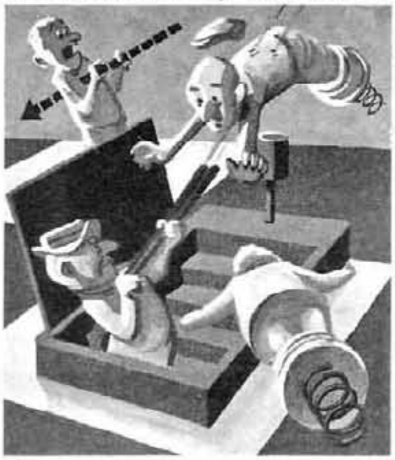
Player's early warning system, i.e. his Radar piece, picks up blips of opponent's approaching ICBM Missile.



Radar piece signals Air Raid Siren piece to sound alarm, and Fallout Shelter doors open automatically.



Pawns are then triggered to jump wildly into opened Fallout Shelters, but most are shot by first Pawn in.



Anti-Missile Missiles are launched automatically, thus automatically launching other offensive missiles.



Action continues until both sides' entire nuclear arsenal is launched—at which point, game is concluded.



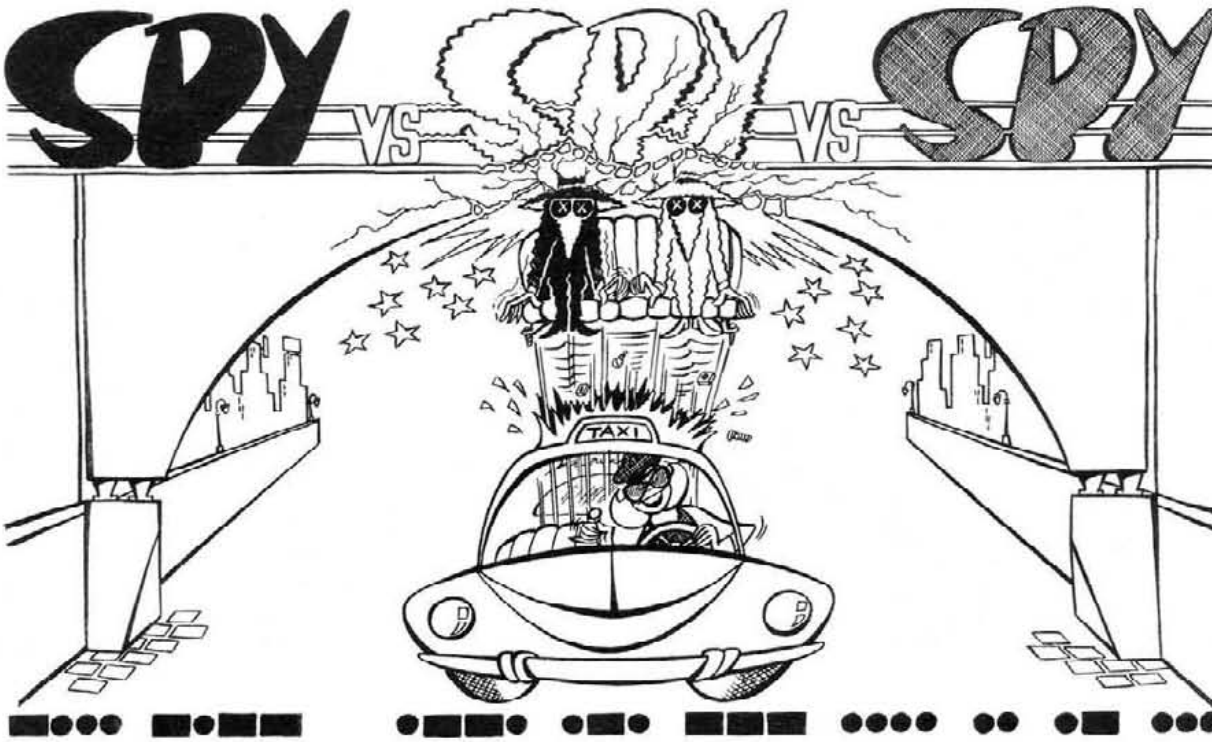
PLAY
The NEW Way

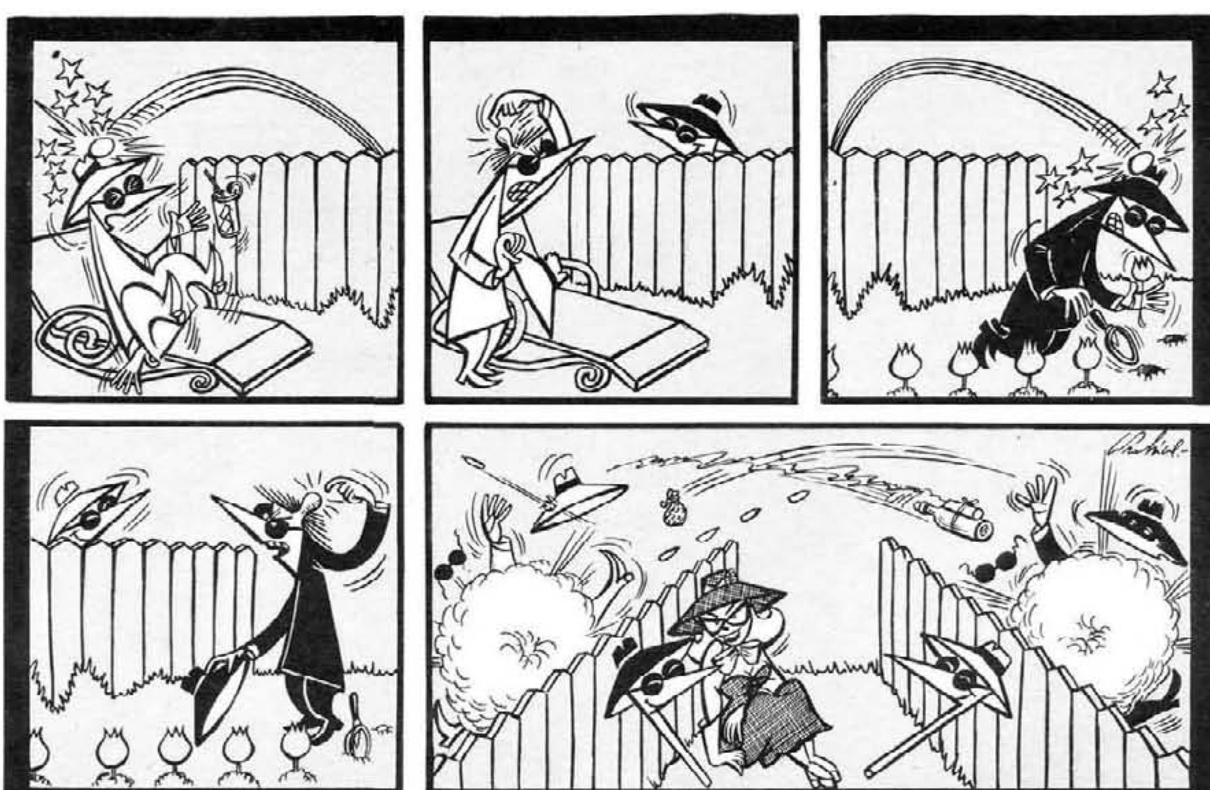
MAD's Modern Chess Game is played pretty much as described above when it finally gets going. Strategy is limited to each player waiting for the other to make the first move. End of game is followed by deathly silence. Unlike old-fashioned chess, there is no winner. There is also no loser. After several years, the radiation subsides enough to permit another game to begin . . . if there's anyone left to play it. Also, a new chess set is used which MAD is now designing—with caveman-type pieces.



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

And now, Mr. Prohias offers another installment in his contention that truth is never all black nor all white—but merely shades of gray. He calls it . . .







OLD FORMAT, FROSH APPROACH DEPT.

Here we go again with another primer. You all know what a Primer is. It's a simple book for the pupil who is just learning how to read. And so . . . for all those pupils who are just learning how to read, and are also graduating from High School this Spring, here is—

THE MAD College Primer

MY FIRST COLLEGE READER

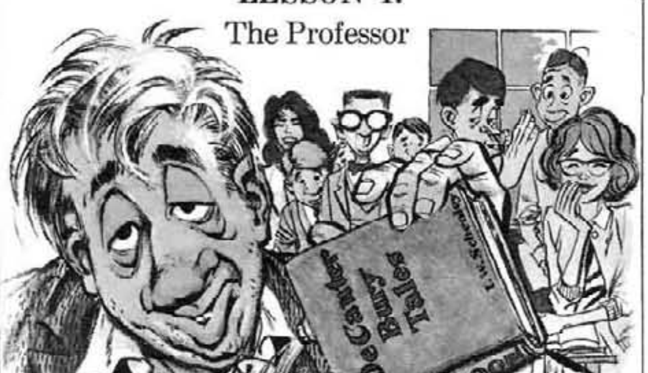
Fresh Little Tales For Little Freshmen



Illustrated By Wally Wood   Written By Phil Hahn

LESSON 1.

The Professor



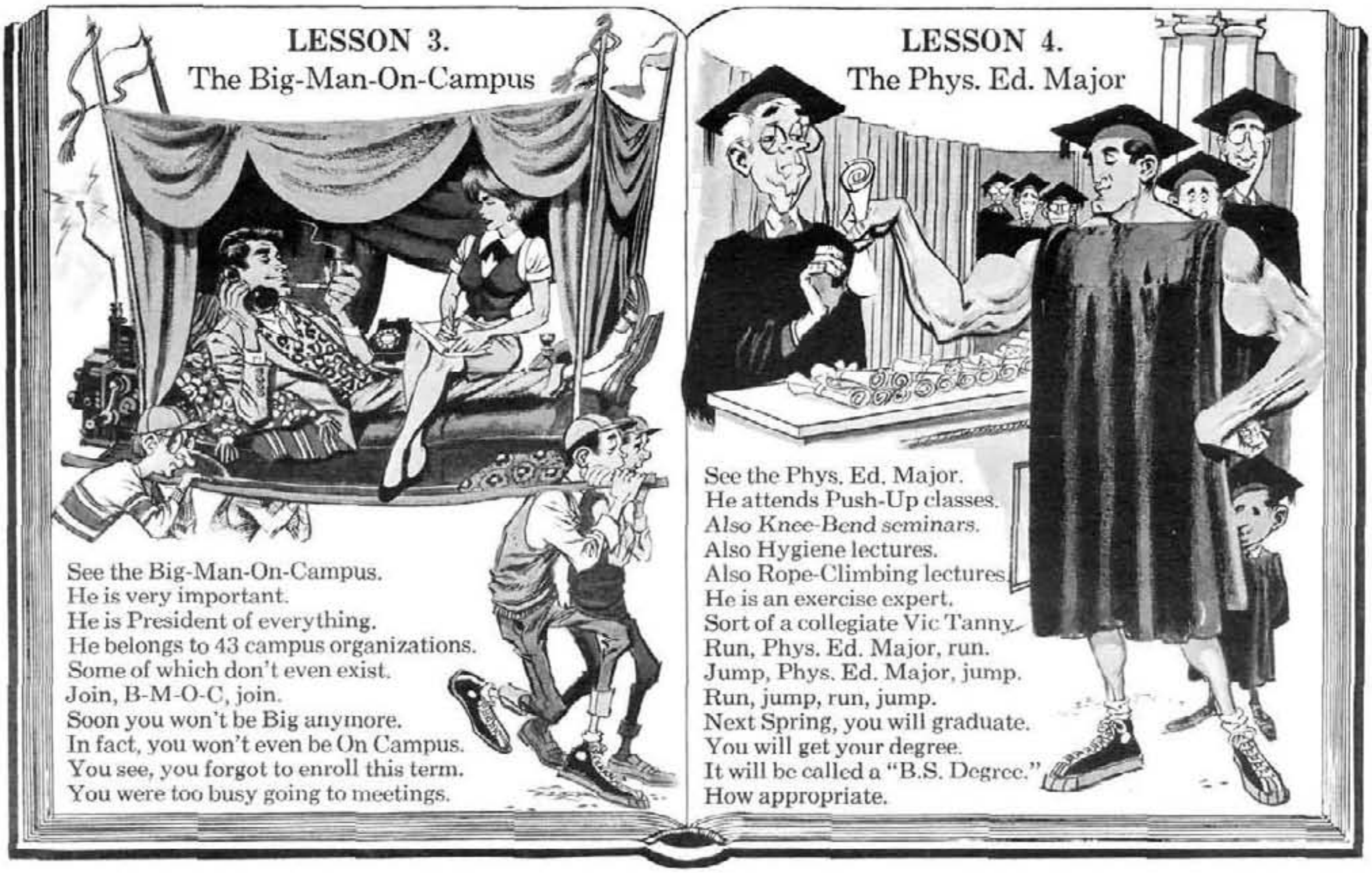
See the Professor.
He teaches English Lit.
In fact, he teaches everything lit.
The Professor is a lush.
Drink, Professor, drink.
But don't give the people the wrong idea.
Not all Professors are lushes.
Lushes, lushes, lushes.
You don't HAVE to drink to teach College Students.
But it sure helps.

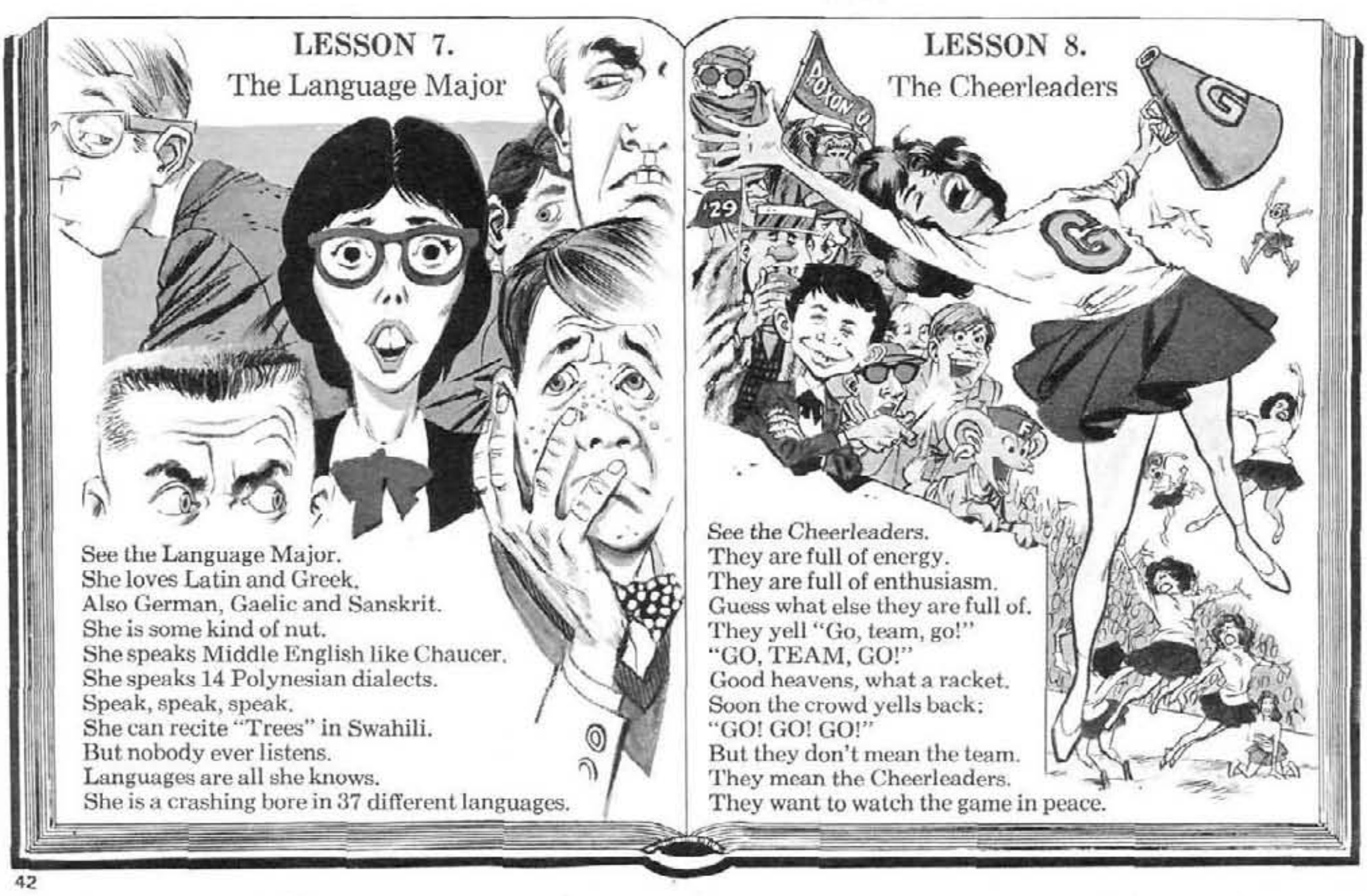
LESSON 2.

The Co-ed



See the pretty Co-ed.
See the Co-ed's tight sweater.
See the Co-ed's tight skirt.
OK, better stop looking now.
Or else you'll scorch your eyeballs.
Scorch, eyeballs, scorch.
The Co-ed has an I.Q. of 67.
But she is an "A" student.
How can this be?
How, how, how?
Very simple.
Her instructors mark on the curve.

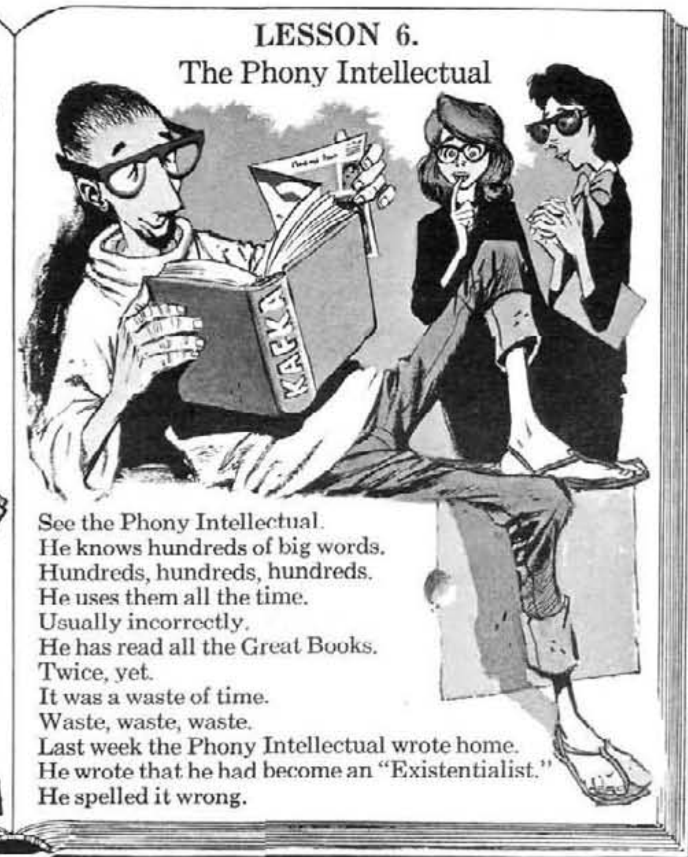

LESSON 3.
The Big-Man-On-Campus
See the Big-Man-On-Campus.
He is very important.
He is President of everything.
He belongs to 43 campus organizations.
Some of which don't even exist.
Join, B-M-O-C, join.
Soon you won't be Big anymore.
In fact, you won't even be On Campus.
You see, you forgot to enroll this term.
You were too busy going to meetings.
LESSON 4.
The Phys. Ed. Major
See the Phys. Ed. Major.
He attends Push-Up classes.
Also Knee-Bend seminars.
Also Hygiene lectures.
Also Rope-Climbing lectures.
He is an exercise expert.
Sort of a collegiate Vic Tanny.
Run, Phys. Ed. Major, run.
Jump, Phys. Ed. Major, jump.
Run, jump, run, jump.
Next Spring, you will graduate.
You will get your degree.
It will be called a "B.S. Degree."
How appropriate.


LESSON 7.
The Language Major
See the Language Major.
She loves Latin and Greek.
Also German, Gaelic and Sanskrit.
She is some kind of nut.
She speaks Middle English like Chaucer.
She speaks 14 Polynesian dialects.
Speak, speak, speak.
She can recite "Trees" in Swahili.
But nobody ever listens.
Languages are all she knows.
She is a crashing bore in 37 different languages.
LESSON 8.
The Cheerleaders
'29
G
See the Cheerleaders.
They are full of energy.
They are full of enthusiasm.
Guess what else they are full of.
They yell "Go, team, go!"
"GO, TEAM, GO!"
Good heavens, what a racket.
Soon the crowd yells back:
"GO! GO! GO!"
But they don't mean the team.
They mean the Cheerleaders.
They want to watch the game in peace.



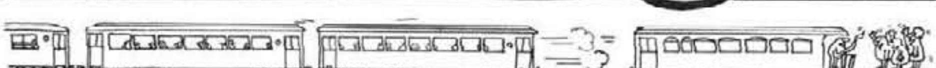
LESSON 5.
The Exchange Student

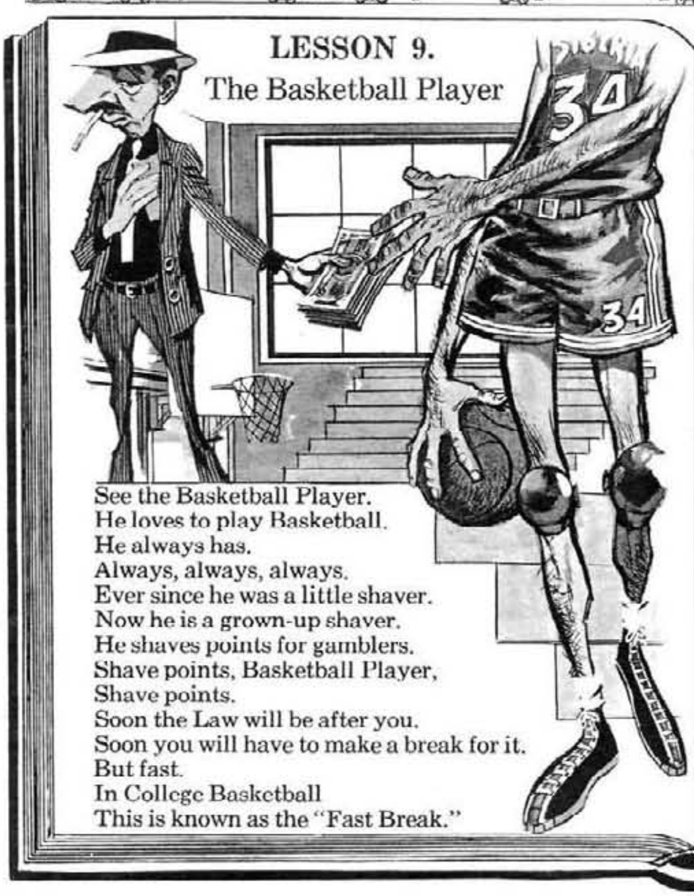
See the Exchange Student.
He is from Oxford.
He is here to learn about America.
Learn, Exchange Student, learn.
You will learn a lot in America.
You will learn to "Chug-a-lug."
You will learn to "Panty Raid."
You will learn to "Twist."
Do you know what else you will learn?
That you should have stayed at Oxford.



LESSON 6.
The Phony Intellectual

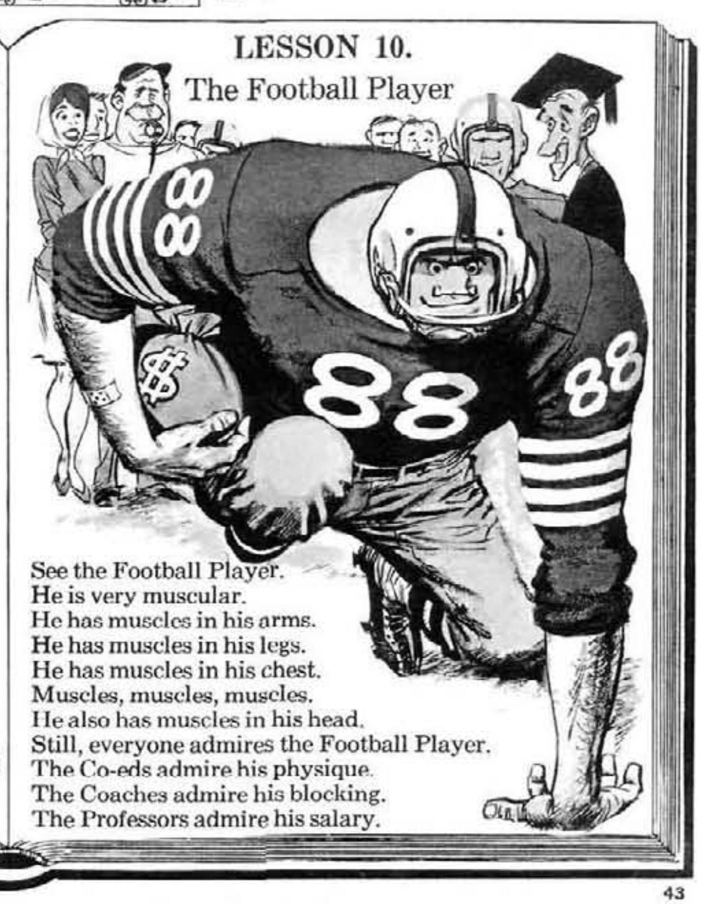
See the Phony Intellectual.
He knows hundreds of big words.
Hundreds, hundreds, hundreds.
He uses them all the time.
Usually incorrectly.
He has read all the Great Books.
Twice, yet.
It was a waste of time.
Waste, waste, waste.
Last week the Phony Intellectual wrote home.
He wrote that he had become an "Existentialist."
He spelled it wrong.





LESSON 9.
The Basketball Player

See the Basketball Player.
He loves to play Basketball.
He always has.
Always, always, always.
Ever since he was a little shaver.
Now he is a grown-up shaver.
He shaves points for gamblers.
Shave points, Basketball Player,
Shave points.
Soon the Law will be after you.
Soon you will have to make a break for it.
But fast.
In College Basketball
This is known as the "Fast Break."



LESSON 10.
The Football Player

See the Football Player.
He is very muscular.
He has muscles in his arms.
He has muscles in his legs.
He has muscles in his chest.
Muscles, muscles, muscles.
He also has muscles in his head.
Still, everyone admires the Football Player.
The Co-eds admire his physique.
The Coaches admire his blocking.
The Professors admire his salary.

THE EMERGENCY



ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



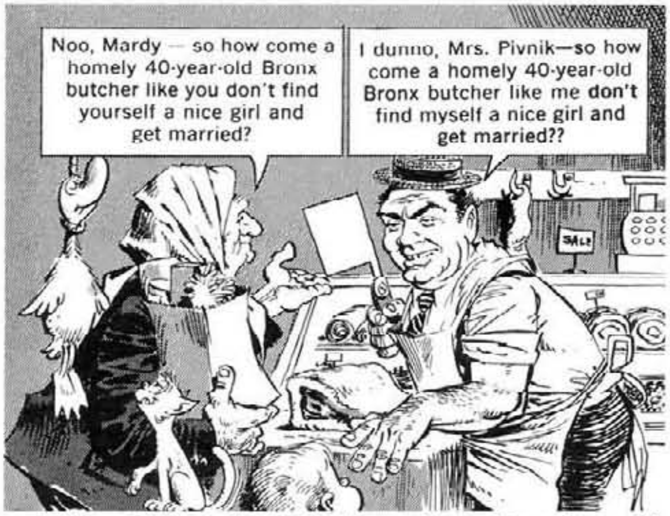


PLAYING FOR BIGGER STEAKS DEPT.

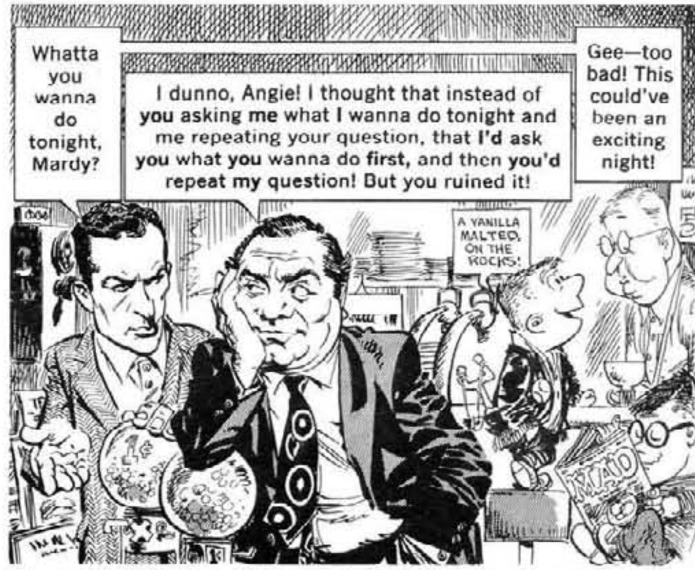
Not too long ago, Hollywood was putting out little films about little people. And we don't mean those travel shorts about Pygmies in Africa! We mean those little films about little people in far-away places like The Bronx. These little films about little people cost little money, and made little profits. For instance, here are scenes (with cost notations involved) from one of the littlest films of all, a popular 1955 movie called

"MARDY"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Costs: $1.19 an hour to unknown, Ernest Borngrime—and 75¢ an hour to writer Paddy Chafedknee, whose realistic dialogue consisted of nothing but one person asking a question and another person replying with same question.



Costs: $2.43 for installing a soda fountain over the meat counter and changing the butcher shop into a candy store.



Chief cost here involved replacing soda fountain with sink and changing candy store into kitchen. But part of expense was made back when Borngrime was fined $10 for ad-libbing a declarative sentence instead of answering his mother's question with the same question, like he was supposed to.

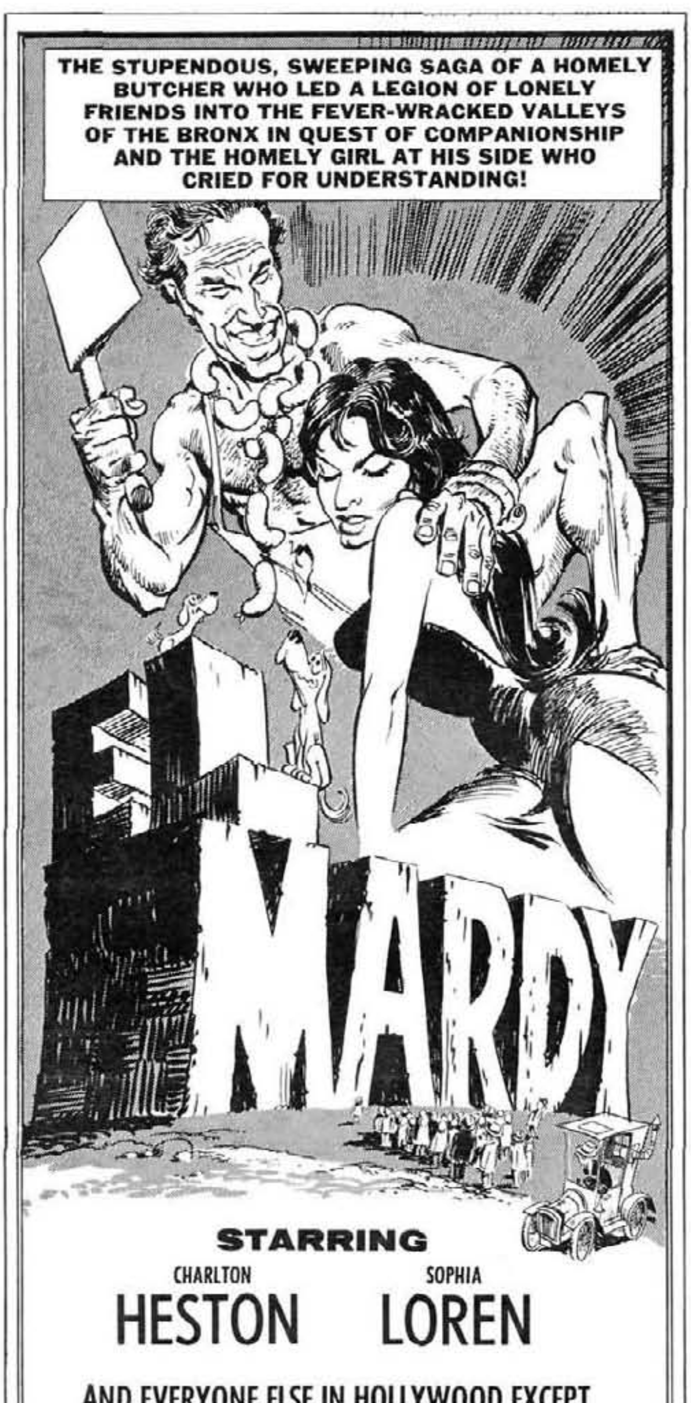


The main cash expenditures here were for a lamb chop bone and a small can of Red Heart dog food. The chop bone was for the dog, and the can of Red Heart was for Borngrime.

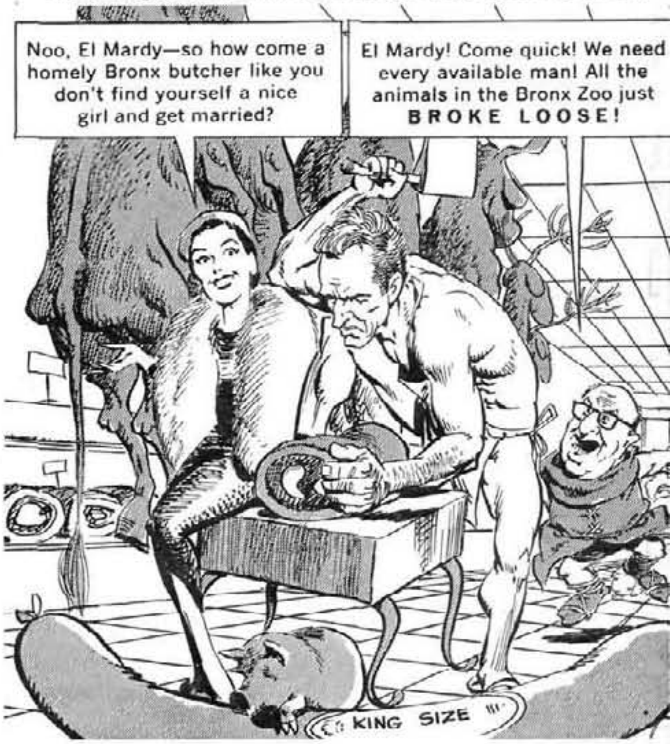
Total cost of this little film: $112,575.00. This included $81.00 in salaries, $6.14 in scenery, and the sum of $112,487.86 paid to Union Stagehands who moved the scenery. The film netted $112,725.00—leaving a grand profit of $150.00—or just enough money for screenwriter Paddy Chafedknee to buy a tape-recorder, set it up in a Brooklyn grocery store, and have it record his next realistic "little movie" shooting script.

Today, however, Hollywood doesn't make little films about little people anymore. Today, they make nothing but BIG films about BIG PEOPLE. These films are called "Spectaculars," and they cost BIG MONEY! For example, here's what might happen

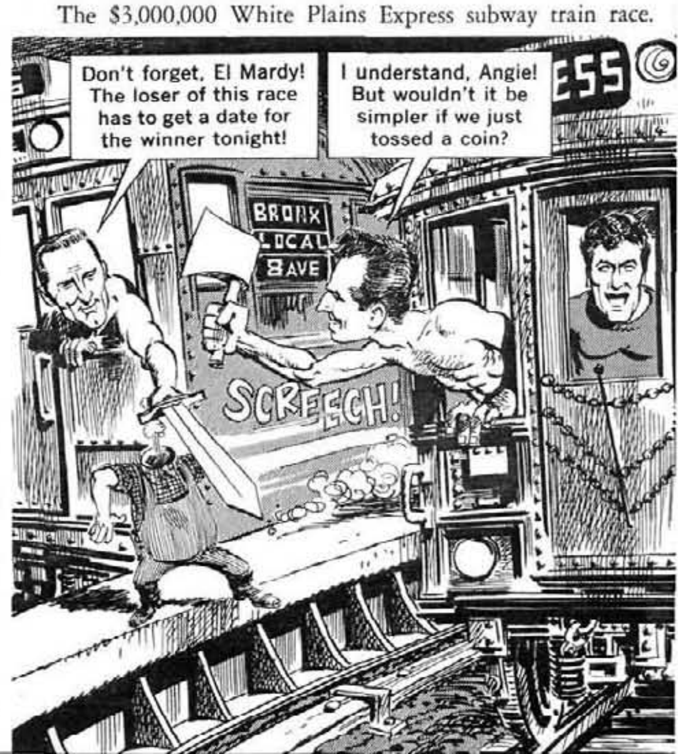
IF "MARDY" WERE MADE



A $1,000,000 "Meat Emporium" would be built especially for this spectacular film on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx.



The $3,000,000 White Plains Express subway train race.

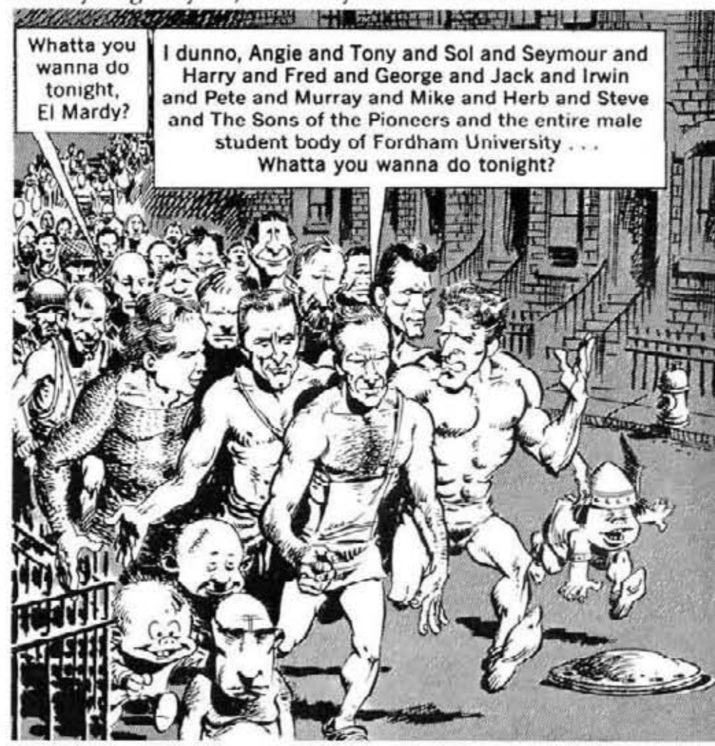


IN HOLLYWOOD TODAY

The $2,000,000 wild animal stampede at the Bronx Zoo . . .



The $1,500,000 "Storming of The Grand Concourse on a Saturday Night by 15,000 Lonely Bronx Men" scene . . .



The $4,000,000 "Friday Night Employees' Dance" scene at the Bronx branch of Alexander's Department Store . . .



The $5,000,000 scene in which the waters of the East River miraculously part for El Mardy and his girl . . .



The $2,000,000 scene in the kitchen of El Mardy's home in the Presidential Suite of the Concourse-Plaza Hotel.

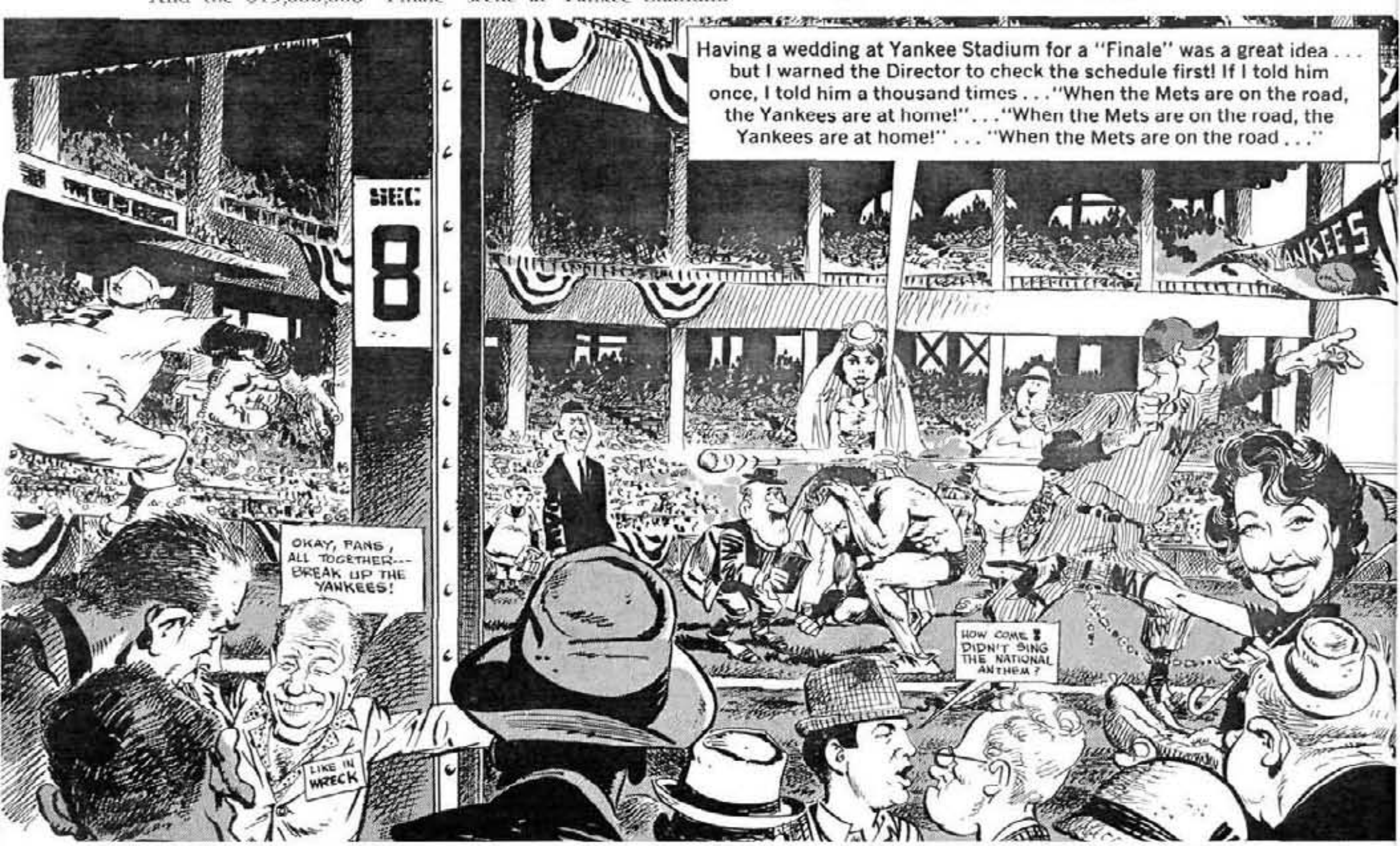


The $10,000,000 "I Love Her" scene at Freedomland . . .





And the $15,000,000 "Finale" scene at Yankee Stadium.



Total cost of this film would be $45,457,623.19. The film would eventually net $45,457,623.29 — leaving a grand profit of 10¢ —or just enough money for the Producer to phone screenwriter Paddy Chafedknee to find out if the script for that little picture about little people in a Brooklyn grocery store is ready yet!

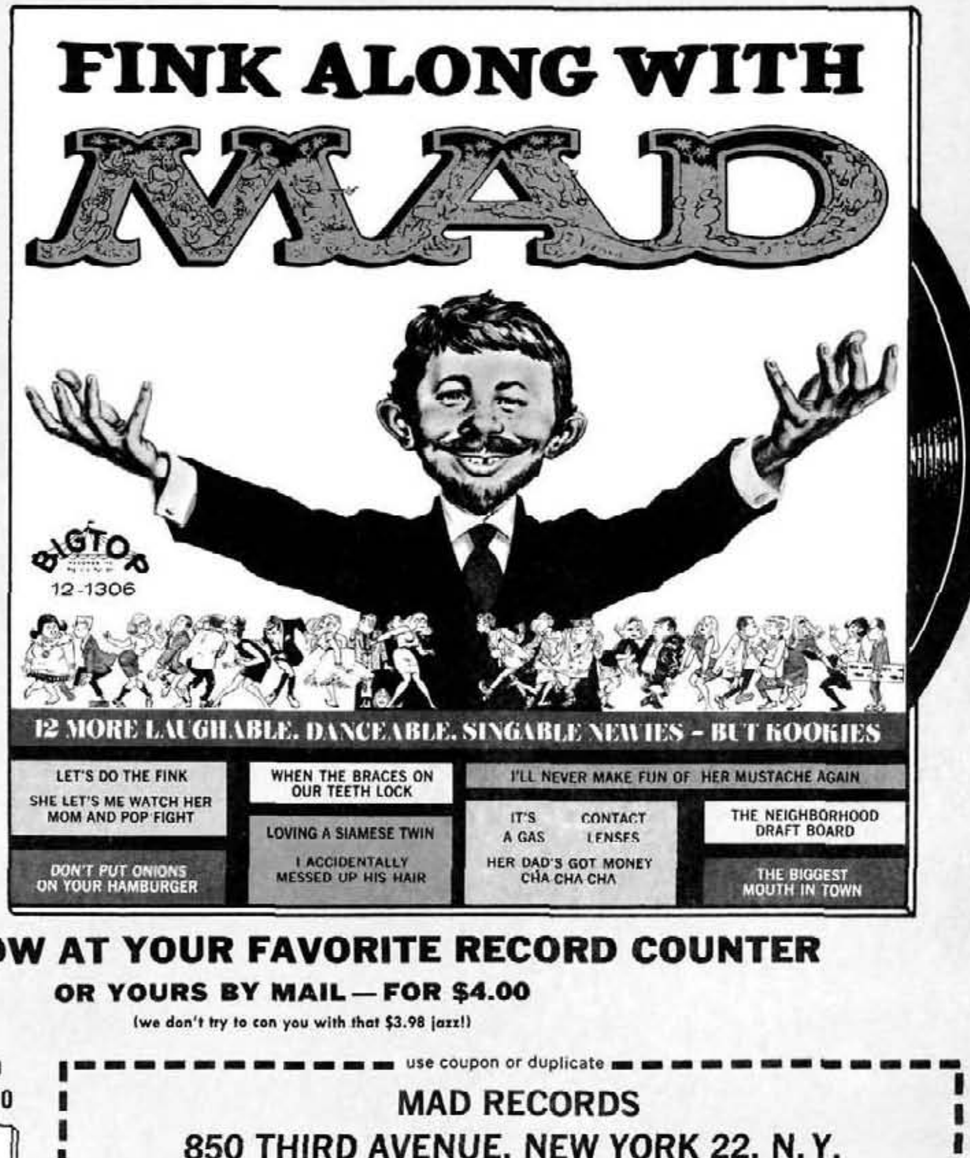
(ANOTHER REAL HONEST NO-KIDDIN' ADVERTISEMENT)

THOUGHT YOU COULD DISCOURAGE US BY NOT BUYING "MAD 'TWISTS' ROCK 'N' ROLL"? WELL, YOU WERE WRONG!

HERE WE GO WITH OUR SECOND LAUGHABLE DANCEABLE SINGABLE IDIOTIC MAD RECORD ALBUM

*

12 MORE WILD, ZANY NEWIES BUT KOOKIES with a BOFFO BEAT!



ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE RECORD COUNTER

OR YOURS BY MAIL — FOR $4.00

(we don't try to con you with that $3.98 jazz!)

AND IF YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND YOU CAN NOW GET THIS BY MAIL, TOO



use coupon or duplicate

MAD RECORDS

850 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ "FINK ALONG WITH MAD" ☐ "MAD 'TWISTS' ROCK 'N' ROLL"

I ENCLOSE ☐ $4.00 for one ☐ $8.00 for two

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ ZONE_____ STATE________



John Wilkes Booth gets primed for the job with Old Croc

In 1865, in a dressing room in Ford's Theater, John Wilkes Booth was stewed to the gills. All evening, his plotting friends had been plying him with booze, giving him the nerve he'd need to commit his dastardly deed. Naturally, the whiskey used was Old Croc.



Erase that Cowardice with historic OLD CROC

American idiots, alcoholics and assassins have been getting up their nerve with Old Croc for 127 years. Today, *everybody* is using whiskey to give themselves a boost before they have to do something unpleasant—like come home to the li'l woman, or ask the boss for a raise! So if you have a tough job ahead, why not get yourself "Croc-ked"—tonight!

today—for lighter, milder Boosts

$250 Reward is paid for documented information relating cowardly 20th Century Americans and Old Croc